

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

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O Tannenbaum
A Christmas Story by MacKinlay Kantor



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AGAIN "TAKE THE WHEEL" . . .



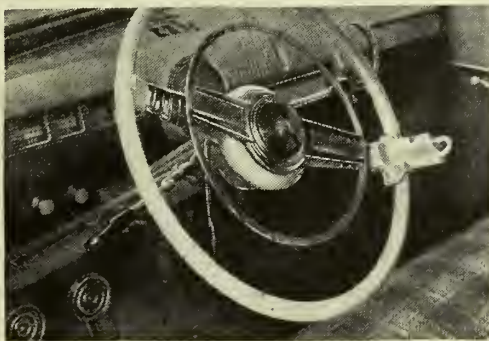
FORD MOTOR COMPANY HAS DEVELOPED *Special Driving Controls*

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To make it possible for many disabled veterans to again enjoy the convenience and pleasure of driving a car, Ford Motor Company engineers have perfected a special control lever, by which all driving operations may be performed—starting, stopping, accelerating, shifting.

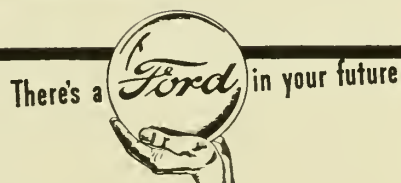
It consists of a single lever mounted on the steering shaft, directly opposite the hand-operated gear-shift lever. Disabled men who have driven cars equipped with the new control device report it simple to use and easy to become accustomed to.

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F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1945
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Homecoming By Boyd B. Stutler

THE NOONDAY SUN shone brightly down on Tokyo Bay where the powerful Third U. S. Fleet, with hundreds of other American naval and cargo craft, rode easily on the choppy waters. From the decks of the battle-scarred flat top, the U.S.S. *Ticonderoga*, I could see the forever historic U.S.S. *Missouri* riding in quiet dignity at her anchorage near the spot where less than three weeks before the delegates of the Japanese Imperial Government had signed the articles of unconditional surrender on her veranda deck.

(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on 21 cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage 24 cents instead of 21. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is five cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, four cents.

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Men and women in all parts of America have long been accustomed to looking to Chevrolet for greatest motor car value—as is proved by the fact that they have bought *more Chevrolets* than any other make, year after year, during 10 of the last 11 car-production years!

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HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 2)

The U.S.S. *West Virginia*, risen from the mud of the bottom of Pearl Harbor to repay the Japs a hundredfold for her sinking on that fateful morning of December 7, 1941, lay a few points off the starboard beam. Directly aft the Japanese battleship *Nagata*, last remaining capital ship of the Imperial Navy, was closely guarded by Admiral William F. (Bull) Halsey's flagship, the U.S.S. *South Dakota*. Landing craft, carrying late comers, streamed out to the fleet from the bases at Tokyo, Yokohama and Yokosuka. "Bull" Halsey, after plastering the Japs to hell and gone was ready to lead his Third Fleet home to receive a deserved "Well done" from the American people.

Twelve noon on September 20th. The *Ticonderoga* prepared to get under way. The band and all members of the crew not required to man the ship, including the officers and men of the air department, formed on the flight deck. At one o'clock the band swung into "Anchors Aweigh," the long homeward-bound pennant was broken out, streaming back almost the entire length of the 860-foot flight deck. The great fighting ship shook itself lazily and started to move slowly down the bay for all the world like a city block that had become dissatisfied with its surroundings and had suddenly decided to move elsewhere. The *Ticonderoga*—gallant "Big T"—after knocking the Nips for a dozen loops and after being a star in Hollywood's flicker the *Fightin' Lady*—was on its way home. Its bomber and fighter planes were jammed together on the hangar and flight decks with wings folded back like giant grasshoppers. Some two thousand homeward-bound sailors and Marines spread their mattresses and blankets under the planes—they were extra passengers on their way back to the Golden Gate, discharge and civvies.

Behind the flat top as it turned its tail to Tokyo were sixteen months of the hardest kind of service and a fighting record excelled by few ships of Uncle Sam's Navy. It bore its scars proudly—many taken on that January day, 1945, off Formosa when hit by two Kamikazi planes, blasted by bombs and swept by fire, with 175 of its crew killed and nearly 300 others wounded, Captain Dixie Kiefer, himself sorely wounded, stuck to the bridge and carried through in the highest tradition of the Navy of the United States. Its full score was marked up on the island superstructure—one enemy battleship, the *Hyuga*; three cruisers; nine destroyers; 28 merchant ships; 117 planes shot down by its fighters and six more downed by the "Big T" guns, and a colorful display of Nip flags indicating more than 150 fighter-bomber raids from Luzon to Japan proper.

Behind me as I turned my face toward Uncle Sam's land was more than a year with the Army and Navy in the waters and on the islands of the Western Pacific, ranging all the way from Brisbane, Australia, where I joined General MacArthur's headquarters before the northward movement, to the occupation of Japan and that supreme hour on the deck of the *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay when, by a few strokes of a pen, Japan ceased to be a world power or even a member of the world family of nations. There, I saw an empire die.

I had made the long trek on the victory march through New Guinea, Biak, Morotai, Borneo, the Philippines and Okinawa, with side excursions to Peleliu in the Carolines where the Marines won their victory through blood and sweat; to China, where a small American force fought their war on a shoestring at the end of the longest supply route in the world. Later I was to witness the complete surrender of the Japanese forces in Korea—and I was in the northern part of the "Hermit Kingdom" at Songdo to meet the Russian Army of Occupation.

Behind me were eight beachhead landings, long hours and days on the lines with the infantry in combat, many times when they were waging an unequal fight with the odds against them; patrols into the jungles; street fighting in a dozen cities, including the weeks-long fight for Manila; dive bombing with the Marine Air Groups; long bombing missions over the coast of Asia from French Indo-China to Shanghai and pioneer raids on Formosa with the Fifth Air Force and 17th Fleet Air Wing; PT boat patrols in Philippine and Borneo waters at a time when the Japs had complete mastery of the air; with rear area troops when at their regular work and also when necessity called them to get into action with their rifles and light machine guns. All this was for the purpose of getting the story of the war in the Pacific for the readers of *The American Legion Magazine* and its affiliated and associated publications.

Now turned toward home I could wish for nothing better than a berth on the *Ticonderoga*. Its battle-weary complement and the passengers had seen similar service, each in his own sphere on land and sea in many theatres.

"Land ho! Uncle Sugar!" called the lookout in the early morning of October 5. Crew and passengers rushed to the starboard side to catch a glimpse of the California shore, causing a sharp list. But it was not until one o'clock that the good old "Ti" eased up to the pier at Alameda, and an hour later before the first of the homecoming fighting men passed down the gangplank to step off into the middle of a half dozen assorted strikes.

It was good to be home. Good to be back, though the San Francisco beachhead was a bit more rugged than some we had faced on the other side of the world.

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PARTNERS IN PEACE

BY BRIG. GEN. CARLOS P. ROMULO
Resident Commissioner of the Philippines to the United States

IN THE PACIFIC and all over the world, the war of arms has ended. But the war of ideas goes on.

Let no one imagine that the battle for civilization is over just because our troops now direct operations from Berlin and Tokyo. Greed, lust for power, blind materialism, are still fighting for the souls of men today—a secret, guerilla warfare now that the armies which marched openly under those banners are destroyed.

We have proved to the world that democracy can muster military power to overcome its enemies. But have we yet demonstrated to the world that democracy can and does satisfy the deep needs of human society, that it is the one way to security and happiness, for an individual, for a nation, for the whole world?

Make no mistake—the eyes of the whole world are focused upon the democratic nations as never before. If we fortunate ones can keep our houses in order, if we can live in peace in our own lands, if we can keep the bonds of friendship between us strong and sure as they were in the days of our greatest military peril, then the millions who have strayed after the false gods

On July 4, 1946 the Philippines will become a sovereign nation. This is in accordance with the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Act, passed by Congress in 1934. President Truman has issued a statement that the provisions of this law will be carried out to the letter

of fascism will be forever convinced of their error.

They will forswear their allegiance to the forces of evil. Then, and only then, will the peace and freedom and the good life we have fought for be secure.

In this war of ideas which is still going on—and which must go on until the whole world is completely won to democracy—the Philippines must be and will be as staunch an ally of America as it was during the

battle of arms. For in the Far East, the Philippines spearheads the ideals of Christian democracy for which America stands. For the people of the Orient know that the Philippines is the child of America, the inheritor of her democratic tradition, the representative of her culture and civilization.

When I say that the Philippines is the pattern of democracy in the Far East, I mean no disparagement of any of the great peoples living in that corner of the globe. Let me make it clear beyond doubt—the other peoples of the Far East have long and glorious histories—their contribution to culture and science cannot be praised too highly.

But I am sure that the other peoples of the Far East agree with me when I say that ever since the advent of the Americans, the Philippines has been in a peculiarly fortunate position. The hunger for freedom, the desire to be master of one's own fate, the yearning for peace and justice, were deeply rooted in the Filipino heart—as indeed in the hearts of all people—long before the Americans came.

(Continued on page 36)

Drawing by ROBERT BLATTNER



Wonder how I'd like the
CLOTHING BUSINESS?

To the veteran who has the desire and qualifications to sell we believe the retail men's wear business offers a good opportunity.

Our booklet, "Opportunity in the Men's Wear Business," contains a lot of basic facts to help you decide whether this is your field. It gives specific figures about operating capital, costs and other practical considerations.

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Or even better, if you're in Chicago, come in and ask for your booklet. We'll be glad to see you!

Send for free booklet _____



Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes



We held sort of a Town Meeting on Telephone Service

We mailed questionnaires to a number of people who were waiting for home telephones and asked them how they felt about it.

Practically all understood the reasons for the shortage in telephone facilities and the big majority placed the responsibility for lack of service on the unavoidable circumstances of war.

More than 72% said the telephone company was doing all it could for them. More than 69% agreed they should be waiting their turns for service.

About 19% thought they

should have had telephones at once and 10% felt we could do more for them than we had. 18% thought others got telephones ahead of turn.

Of course, we are grateful to the majority for their good opinion, but we also respect the views of the minority who think otherwise.

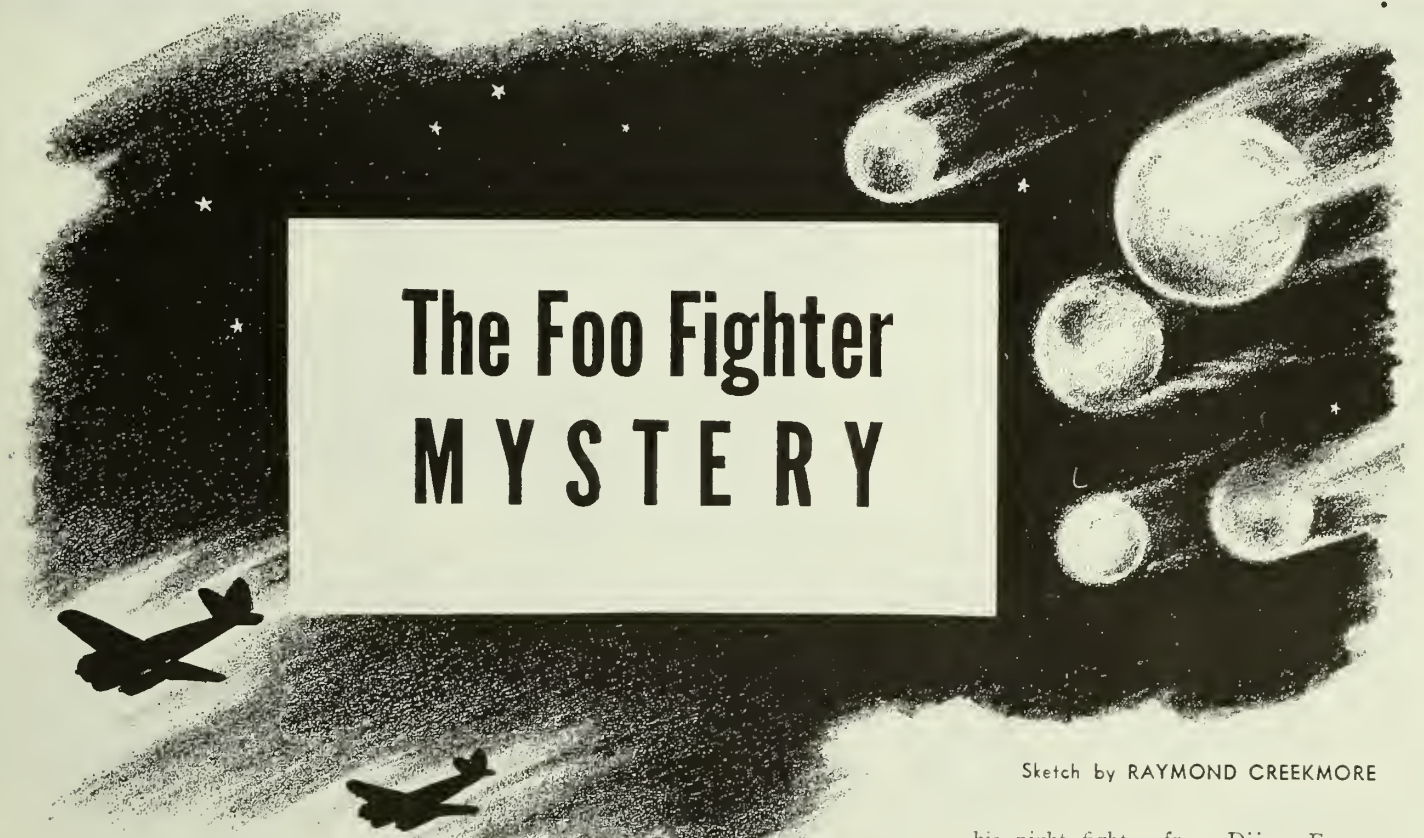
We've turned the corner from war to peace and we're on our way to give service to all who want it.

In the next twelve months, we expect to install more telephones than there were in all of France and Belgium before the war.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "The Telephone Hour" every Monday evening over NBC





The Foo Fighter MYSTERY

Sketch by RAYMOND CREEKMORE

By Jo Chamberlin

DURING THE last months of the war the crews of many B-29s over Japan saw what they described as "balls of fire" which followed them, occasionally came up and almost sat on their tails, changed color from orange to red to white and back again, and yet never closed in to attack or crash, suicide-style.

One B-29 made evasive maneuvers inside a cloud, but when the B-29 emerged from it, the ball of fire was following in the same relative position. It seemed 500 yards off, three feet in diameter, and had a phosphorescent orange glow. No wing or fuselage suggesting an aerial bomb or plane was seen. The ball of fire followed the B-29 for several miles and then disappeared just as mysteriously as it had appeared in the dawn light over Fujiyama.

Some B-29 crews said they could readily lose the ball of fire by evasive maneuvers, even though the ball kept up with them at top speed on a straight course; other B-29 crews reported just the opposite.

Nobody could figure it out.

Far to the south, a B-24 Liberator was at 11,000 feet over Truk lagoon, when two red lights rose rapidly from below, and followed the B-24. After an hour, one light turned back. The other kept on—sometimes behind, sometimes alongside, sometimes ahead about 1,000 yards, until daybreak when it climbed to 15,000 feet and stayed in the sun, like a Jap fighter seeking game, but never came down. During

the flight, the light changed from red to orange, then white, and back to orange, and appeared to be the size of a basketball. No wing or fuselage was observed. The B-24 radioed island radar stations to see if there were any enemy planes in the sky.

The answer was: "None."

A curious business, and one for which many solutions have been advanced, before the war was over, and since. None of them stand up. The important point is: No B-29 was harmed by the balls of fire, although what the future held, no one knew. The Japanese were desperately trying to bolster up their defense in every way possible against air attack, but without success. Our B-29s continued to rain destruction on Japanese military targets, and finally dropped the atomic bomb.

Naturally, U. S. Army authorities in Japan will endeavor to find the secret—but it may be hidden as well as it appears to be in Europe. The balls of fire continue to be a mystery—just as they were when first observed on the other side of the world—over eastern Germany.

This is the way they began.

At ten o'clock of a November evening, in late 1944, Lt. Ed Schlueter took off in

The riddle of the balls of fire
encountered by our night-fly-
ing planes over Germany and,
later, over Japan

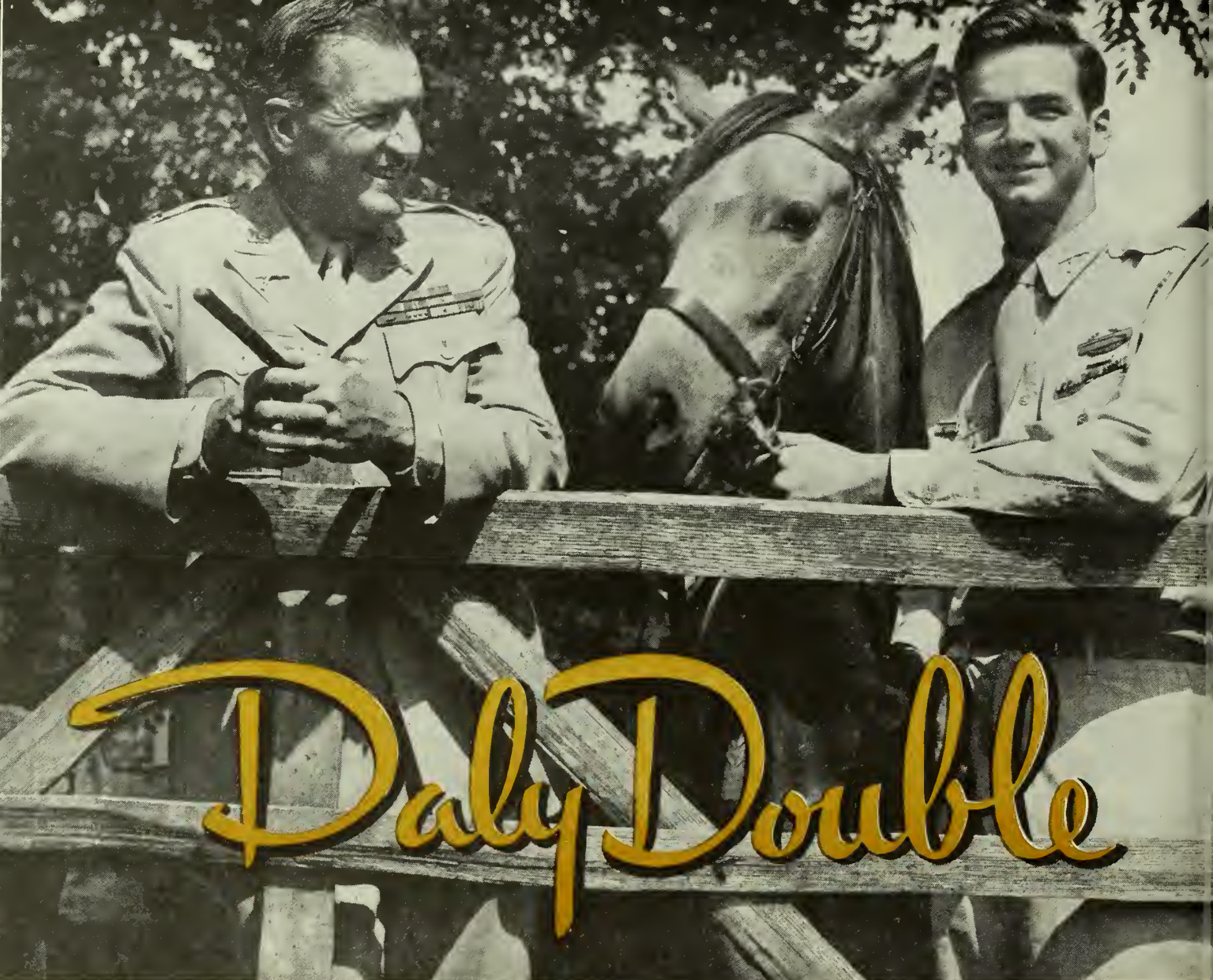
his night fighter from Dijon, France, on what he thought would be a routine mission for the 415th Night Fighter Squadron.

Lt. Schlueter is a tall, competent young pilot from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, whose hazardous job was to search the night sky for German planes and shoot them down. He had done just this several times and had been decorated for it. As one of our best night fighters, he was used to handling all sorts of emergencies. With him as radar observer was Lt. Donald J. Meiers, and Lt. Fred Ringwald, intelligence officer of the 415th, who flew as an observer.

The trio began their search pattern, roaming the night skies on either side of the Rhine River north of Strasbourg—for centuries the abode of sirens, dwarfs, gnomes, and other supernatural characters that appealed strongly to the dramatic sense of the late A. Hitler. However, at this stage of the European war, the Rhine was no stage but a grim battleground, where the Germans were making their last great stand.

The night was reasonably clear, with some clouds and a quarter moon. There was fair visibility.

In some respects, a night fighter plane operates like a champion boxer whose eye sight isn't very good; he must rely on other senses to guide him to his opponent. The U. S. Army has ground radar stations, which track all planes across the sky, and tell the night fighter the whereabouts of any plane. The night fighter flies there, closes in by means of his own radar until usually he can see the enemy, and if the plane doesn't identify itself as friendly, he shoots it down. (Continued on page 43)



Paul and Mike Daly with Mike's horse Woodsmoke



Capt. Michael J. Daly, CMH

EVERYTHING about the Daly home is as American as a slab of apple pie. The setting is pure New England—a big, white country place, tucked off a road in the Connecticut countryside. A sprawling living room, lined with book shelves, chock full of easy chairs for long-legged youngsters to sprawl in and read the Sunday funnies.

"We kids call it The House of Heroes," a tow-headed neighbor confided.

Then, in a tumble of excited words, he told of Iron Mike Daly, the fighting Irishman who hit Normandy's bloody Omaha beach at H-Hour as a buck private. How Mike came home a year later wearing the Congressional Medal of Honor, a Silver Star ribbon with two Oak Leafs, a clustered Purple Heart, and captain's bars. And about Mike's dad, Col. Paul G. Daly, retread, who earned his D.S.C. and Legion of Honor in the second battle of Château-Thierry, his

Legion of Merit on Guadalcanal, the Silver Star and the third cluster to his Purple Heart leading the 398th Infantry Regiment against a Maginot Line fortress at Biche.

It sounded worth looking into and, chapter and verse, it turned out to be one of the great human stories of the war. A boy named Michael J. Daly grows up on legends of his father's fighting prowess. He's good at sneaking up on woodchucks and stealing apples' and riding through farmers' hay fields. A normal youngster who wants to be a jockey, then a prize fighter and, finally, a soldier.

Growing up, young Mike attends Georgetown Prep in Washington, D. C. He's president of his class; a scrappy adolescent who plays his heart out on the gridiron and diamond, eager to prove he will wear the name of Daly well.

War! Mike is eager to enlist. An appointment to West Point intervenes. He wavers,

By Stan Swinton Legionnaire Paul, DSC in 1918, was outstanding in WW2. Son Mike won his commission in the field, got two clusters to his Silver Star, at 20 had the Medal of Honor

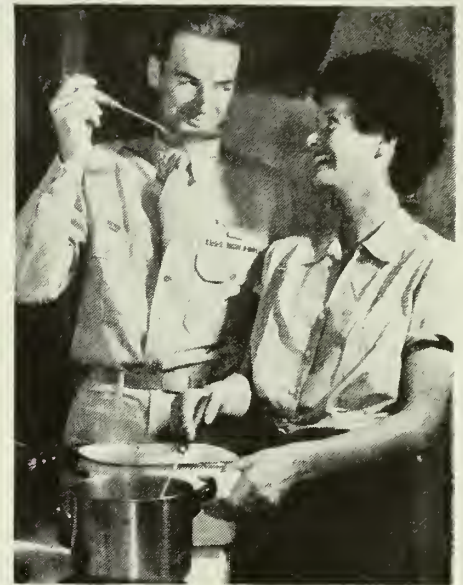
accepts a little reluctantly, and sees his 17-year-old world crumble when a math deficiency brings dismissal.

Induction! Mike, a Fort McClellan rookie, refuses an IRTC cadre job which would lead to OCS. "My dad is overseas and I might miss the war, sir," he explains. So, an infantry casual, the loneliest, lowliest berth in the GI world, Mike Daly grinds through the embarkation mill: Fort George C. Meade, Camp Shanks, POE, finally a replacement depot in Britain.

The dice come up seven. His assignment: Headquarters Battalion, 12th Army Group. A London M.P. wouldn't have a cushier

berth, but Mike has something to prove to himself and to his Dad. He pesters his C.O. for a transfer to combat, finally winds up with Co. I, 18th Infantry Regiment, 1st U. S. Infantry Division, blooded in the wadis and djebels of Tunisia, his father's World War I outfit.

A year passes. The buck private comes home, a scared, beaming captain who has been invested with the Medal of Honor by President (and Legionnaire) Truman. Fairfield, Connecticut, greets the greatest hero in its history with a parade and all the trimmings. "He's a block off the old chip," his mother beams, and Dad nods



Mike rather fancies the soup that Sister Bevin cooked up

happy agreement. Legionnaires of George Alfred Smith Post, the one his Dad has always belonged to, present him with a life
(Continued on page 52)

The Big Medal thrills Dermot. Alison, Purple heart in hand, doesn't yet realize what they cost her brother





O Tannenbaum

By MacKINLAY KANTOR

THEN MRS. MADISON brought in another carton of ornaments, and Mr. Madison said that he didn't know where on earth they'd find room to put them—they had so many ornaments on the tree already. And Mrs. Madison said that she wished he'd keep his cigar away from those sputtery green branches. And Captain Kloster stood and looked serious.

Captain Kloster studied the tree, and he said that he guessed those branches up there—over next to those frosted bugles and things—he guessed those branches were rather bare in comparison to the rest, and maybe they had better put some of the new ornaments up there.

"Move, George," said Mrs. Madison. "Move that chair so Captain Kloster can get the step-ladder in there."

Mr. Madison said, pulling a red cornucopia a little farther along its branch, "I don't think we ought to go on calling you Captain Kloster all the time. I don't think Jimmy would like that."

"No," said Mrs. Madison. "Jimmy wouldn't like it at all. What did Jimmy call you? Charles? Or Charley?"

Captain Kloster swallowed and smiled and lifted his head all at once, which was a natural trick he had and a very engaging one. "You know how it is in the Air Force; I guess maybe in the rest of the Army, too. Everybody usually calls you by your last name. They call you Anderson or Petrie or Solensky or whatever your name is. Usually. Sometimes they kind of shorten it. I guess that's what most of the guys did with me. I guess Madison—he used to call me Klos."

"Santa Klos?" queried Mr. Madison, working hard at the jest.

"No, sir. Just Klos."

"O. K." said Mr. Madison. "Klos, if you'll push that ladder over here next to the bookcase, you can get in closer to the top."

Jimmy Madison (he had an historical name but they weren't descended from the President, that they knew)—Jimmy had been dead exactly eight months minus one day. This was the evening of December 24th, and Jimmy Madison's bomb group flew their last operational mission on April 25th. It was Jimmy's thirty-third mission, and he had the bad luck to be killed.

It was more or less Standard Operational Procedure for Mr. and Mrs. Madison who had no surviving children, to in-

vite Captain Kloster to spend Christmas with them, if he had nothing better to do and if he could get leave.

Kloster came all the way from Drew Field, Florida, with brand new railroad-tracks spangling his shoulders. He looked very serious, very old for his twenty-three years, very clean-scrubbed, shaven and brushed to a fare-you-well.

Kloster was the closest the Madisons could get to Jimmy now. He represented Jimmy to them in ways they couldn't describe. He had eaten with Jim, slept with him, played, sinned, worked and risked with him. Kloster was bombardier in the B-17 which Jimmy Madison had driven above the overcast on his last flight.

Kloster was a brave young man, not just because he had a Silver Star and a D. F. C. and an Air Medal and things like that. He was a brave young man because he dared to accept the Madisons' invitation. They were, in turn, brave people to offer it.

SO NOW they hung high the other ornaments, and they fretted with the long strings of little colored bulbs. Some of the bulbs were loose, some had been burned out, but you couldn't tell which ones were burned out and thus were holding up the circuit on the whole string. It was quite a job figuring out those colored bulbs and putting in new ones.

Mrs. Madison yawned twice.

"Pet," said Mr. Madison, "you go to bed. Klos and I will finish this. All that Christmas cooking and everything—"

Said Captain Kloster, "You hadn't ought to have gone to so much work."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Madison, wrinkling up her pretty nose. "I didn't work very hard, but I guess I will go to bed. I'm sleepy."

She moved closer to the tree and lifted her face, and Mr. Madison bent down and kissed her firmly on the mouth. Mrs. Madison went away a step or two, then she turned and looked up at Captain Kloster on the ladder. The young man stared at her a moment . . . with his face coloring, he came down the ladder, he stood on the bottom step and turned his face down, and Mrs. Madison kissed him too.

Her eyes were blinking but she smiled steadily at her husband and back at Captain Kloster again. She went to the door, and halted to say: "Be sure and don't forget to

put on all those silver icicle doo-dads. In those two big candy boxes."

"O. K.," said Mr. Madison. "We'll put them on," and then she went off to bed.

"Mr. Madison," said Kloster, after they had finished with the strings of bulbs, "you sure have got a swell wife."

Mr. Madison said, "Jimmy thought he had a pretty swell mother, too."

"He sure did," said Kloster. "He told me plenty about her, lots of times."

Mr. Madison removed the lid from the larger of the two candy boxes and began to lift out the silver icicle stuff which his wife had said he mustn't forget. "This tinsel ice," he said, "Jimmy always liked it on the Christmas tree. He said it made it look real."

Kloster stared solemnly at the box.

Mr. Madison said, "Let's get going with this and then we'll be all through."

"Yes, sir," said Kloster. "How do you put it on?"

"Just hang it on. Only it's all in a tangle: You have to look out. . . . Take these long strips, like this, and hang them over the edge of the branches."

They worked for ten minutes. A distant radio sang with Christmas carols, and Mr. Madison and Captain Kloster could hear the carols faintly.

"This is the way we always did it," said George Madison. "Lots of families do it several days before, but we belong to the put-up-the-tree-on-Christmas-Eve school. When Jimmy was little he thought that Santa Claus brought it; then when he was older and didn't believe in Santa Claus any more, why—he liked to help, on Christmas Eve."

"Sure," said Kloster. "I guess that's a pretty good way of doing it."

Presently Mr. Madison spoke again.

"You know how it is. . . . Fellow has to face these things. I don't know. Maybe I haven't talked enough to his mother about it. Maybe not as much as I should, but—Well, there's just one thing in the way. I think if I knew—everything—I could face the future all right. I guess we've done pretty well thus far. Not patting ourselves on the back or anything."

"You sure have," Kloster told him. "I take off my hat to you both."

"I think if you would tell me a little more, Klos . . . see, they didn't tell us everything. Oh, we had a letter from the chaplain and then one from the C. O. and all that. A couple of guys in the crew wrote us too. I mean besides yourself. . . . They seemed to think quite a lot of Jimmy."

In silence, Kloster kept on hanging up the strands of silver.

"Well, I meant—you were with him. I thought if you could tell us more about it. . . ."

Kloster said, "Yes, sir, I could. I could tell you everything. If you really want to know—"

"I didn't ask you while Jimmy's mother was here. I can tell her later. But I can take it all right. I was in the last war. Had a lot of guys killed—some of them in my squad. I wish you would tell me about it."

. . . Kloster said that the Jerry flak wasn't very accurate, there at the end of the war—well, what there was was fairly accurate; but there wasn't a lot of it, and the fighters were almost non-existent; though once in a while a Fort would get rammed by a Jet or something like that. American bombers had a way of releasing chaff to foil the German radar control, and

(Continued on page 34)

The young man stared at her as, her eyes blinking, she lifted her face for her husband to kiss



The Great Days

By HAMILTON GREENE

The carrier planes, Tokyo-bound when the war ended, dropped their bombs in the ocean and headed home—to fight no more

BILL SLEEPECK put the heavy TBM down on the deck and she yanked to a stop, got her hook cleared, and moved up to a parking spot forward on the flight deck, where I crawled out stiffly and took off my helmet and said, "Well, that's that." We'd gone out for one more slam at Tokyo that morning, but the strike had been recalled by radio. We'd dumped our bombs in the ocean and come on back. No more strikes—today or any time. The war was over.

I walked back among the crowded, taxiing planes, back where I could see Lt. Bruninghouse, the Landing Signal Officer, wag his paddles at the boys coming in. I yawned, leaning against the after 5-inch gun turret and watched Bruney. Great guy. But for that matter, the whole damn bunch on the *Essex* were great guys. It really was a good ship—had done a mess of work in this war. All finished now, however.

I looked out over the water at the rest of Admiral Halsey's great armada of big and little carriers, intermingled with all their sleek supporting craft, stretching out to the horizon and beyond, thinking, "These ships will never fight again. The carrier is now old hat. The world, it seems, now comes apart by physics." But looking at them, my chest got just a little tight, for what I was looking at was the great Fast Carrier Task Force, the Force which had come to the Pacific just two short years before and which, when all is said and done, had just about saved our lethargic necks. This was the same Force, variously called Task Force 58 under Admiral Mitscher, or Task Force 38 under Admiral McCain, which had established air supremacy over every step in the road on the long tough swing from the Gilbert Islands to Tokyo. And as I watched the gray hulls heaving in the swells of the blue Pacific this bright mid-August morning I thought, "Damn my fellow countrymen for stinkers if they ever forget these scows and the men who made them great." And so let's consider them.



When the newly built Fast Carrier Force, with its big *Essex* Class CV's, its CVE's, new battle wagons, cruisers and destroyers, first came to the Pacific during the summer of 1943, it was at a time when the Carrier Navy was pretty well beat to the socks. The Navy had experienced almost two years of heroic, desperate warfare against Japan with almost all of it going on the sad side. The old carriers were all but gone—the *Lexington* in the Coral Sea; the *Yorktown* at Midway; the *Wasp* at Guadalcanal, and the *Hornet* at Santa Cruz. The *Saratoga* and the *Enterprise*, both badly damaged, were taking turns at trying to keep afloat and at the same time put up some semblance of combat.

But this great Task Force of brand new ships and eager young men was out to change all that, and of course we all know now how well those men and ships did the business. You know their story beginning with the raid on Marcus Island, September first of 1943, and how with bold and sweeping strikes they covered every military move in the great advance from the Gilberts to Japan, writing history at such places as Tarawa, Truk, the Marianas, the Philippine Sea, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, and finally Tokyo itself.

When they banded together in three or more Task Groups to sail against the enemy, they made an impressive spread of deadliness, the long clean hulls lashing the cobalt waters of the Pacific in unison, always moving—always changing course—speeding in close to the target area to launch their airborne fury for several days, then withdrawing out to sea to take on fuel, bombs or supplies, and finally chasing in toward enemy shore once more to lace the target from a different direction—like the old cavalry raids.

Each of the several strikes lasted perhaps a month or six weeks. Then the whole force would steam for the safety of an island base to rest, rearm, and regroup, but never lingering long. Then out they went again to churn the sea with flying spray, and make the Jap wish he hadn't started the whole silly business. On the carriers themselves, in the meantime, it had become a busy, dangerous, but highly exciting way to fight a war.

Not that the Fast Carrier Force didn't

Illustrated by the Author
aboard the U. S. Carrier *Essex*

bundle of Buck Rogers stuff on Hiroshima and the whole damn mess was washed up.

That, as you know, is the story of the Fast Carrier Force itself—but like anything else, it could be no greater than the sum of its parts, and it had done a spectacular job only because it was composed of rugged ships manned by rugged men. Let's glance at just one of these big CV's and perhaps you can catch a glimpse of what it meant to be aboard an Essex Class carrier during the two years of duty just ending. Let's think of the *Essex* herself, as an example, for she got out here first, was in it the longest, and she exemplified all that was great about all the great carriers.

To begin with, this grand old wagon may once have been the prototype for "The Fighting Lady"—a glorious unit of American sea power to be symbolized in terms of a clean limbed Winged Victory brandishing the upraised sword of vengeance while trailing yards of spotless cheesecloth, whip-



... hardly pausing in
their feverish activity

have its troubles. Well known by this time is the story of its fight against the Kamikazes at Okinawa, that dreadful 80-day period when the Japs sent out the Special Attack Corps, of which I've written, to throw their lives away with one idea in mind—namely to sink the whole U.S. fleet. They didn't do it, but the very fear of the carriers inherent in their fury, made it inevitable that they would score many brutal hits. And so one by one, the *Franklin*, the *Hancock*, the *Enterprise*, the *Intrepid*, the *Bunker Hill*, and all the rest of the heroic casualties staggered out of those blazing seas leaving trails of ruddy smoke astern to mark where they had tangled with the suicides, but had come out second best.

However, when all is said and done, the Kamikazes failed. It was Japan's last des-

perate effort to get the carriers off her neck, but after three months of furious effort, she just hadn't pulled it off. The carriers were breathing hard, but most of them were still in there swinging. And so, on July first, after one month spent in rest and regrouping, Admiral Halsey took the Fast Carrier Force to sea for the last time against an enemy that had shot its wad. Bloody but unbowed the carriers sailed straight for Japan itself and forthwith kicked it apart. They sank the remnants of her Navy and strewed the last of her Air Force all over Honshu. One day they creamed 1300 Jap planes on the ground—and brother, that was a real deal to look over!

The B29's went after the big areas, the carriers pinpointed the remains. And then to cap it all, the Army dumped its little

ping in the wind. But take a good look at her now. After all the slug fests she's been in, she looks a lot more like a brawling barroom hag with run-over heels and punched-in features. A Kamikaze hit on her forward gun mounts has singed her eyebrows. She is battered and bent, scorched and scarred, and she needs paint. When, during her final days at sea, a new inexperienced skipper was sent out by the Bureau to take her home for yard overhaul, he took one look and shuddered, then did his conscientious best to dress her up, take the stink off her breath and make a lady of her. But it was no go. She made a rude noise in his face and went on punching the only way she knew how, which was fortunate, because she kept the new skipper's pants dry and that, after all, is the main idea.

(Continued on page 62)

The Case of the Toy Gun



I FOUND the body. That's how I, Sergeant Steve Hart, U. S. Infantry, got mixed up in murder in Verviers, Belgium. I'd used up five hours of a three-day pass from the front; I'd been in one café and was looking for another. I'd just turned into a dark side street when I kicked something. I clicked my flash on it, and it was a stiff. And Ex-Private-Detective Hart swung back into a familiar routine.

I gave him the once-over: male, about fifty, well dressed. Shot in the back twice, at very close range, with a heavy caliber gun.

Both slugs had come out through the chest; neither had hit the heart. He lay on his back, left arm outstretched, right hand pinned under him. I didn't move him; my watch said eight seventeen.

I flashed my light on the corner street sign: Rue Beaujon. The body lay in front

of number eighteen. I went back to the phone in the café.

The desk sergeant knew English. I gave the address and told him he could find a stiff there, and when he got excited I hung up and went back to the body.

The law came in about ten minutes, two carloads of it; they all recognized the dead man at the same instant and turned on me, everybody talking and me not understanding a word. The cop with the most gold braid quieted his mob and spoke to me in English. I recognized his voice from the phone.

"I found the body," I told him. "Nobody else has been here."

"What time was that?"

"Eight seventeen."

"How can you be sure?"

"I looked at my watch. My name's Hart, formerly of the New York City

police." Not too accurate, but it did no harm. I fished my old identity card out of my wallet and he looked it over carefully.

"I am Mathias, Captain of Gendarmes. Thank you for notifying me, M. Hart. Is there anything else you could tell me?"

"I guess not," I said. "I was walking up this street when I kicked into the body. I'd never seen the guy before. I didn't move or touch him, except with my foot when I walked into him."

"I see, monsieur. The dead man is M. Paul Carte, Assistant Superintendent of the Gendarmerie here. If you would please wait..."

I stepped into the shadows and watched. Mathias bent over the body, studied it, turned it over. There was a gun in the right hand. One of those little toys that dames usually pack: a twenty-five automatic, the kind (Continued on page 64)



By Mike Detzer

Illustrated by
Marshall Frantz

He lay on his back, left
arm outstretched...I
flashed my light on the
corner street sign

... and for the people

FINER BUS TRAVEL OVER AMERICA'S BROAD HIGHWAYS

In this nation, more than anywhere else in the world, highways are the heritage of all the people—a most vital part of their livelihood and their happiness.

And intercity buses—which have carried nearly three billion wartime passengers since Pearl Harbor—seek constantly to bring to the people of America the full benefits of their priceless highway heritage. Through the years, intercity buses have extended the convenience and economy of highway travel to the people of every State. They take millions to and from their daily employment. They bring trade and prosperity to small towns and giant cities alike. They lead the way to all the scenic grandeur of America.

All who depend upon bus transportation may count on the bus lines to keep pace with the continuing development of America's highways, which are growing steadily longer, and smoother and broader. Bus operators already have completed plans for spacious

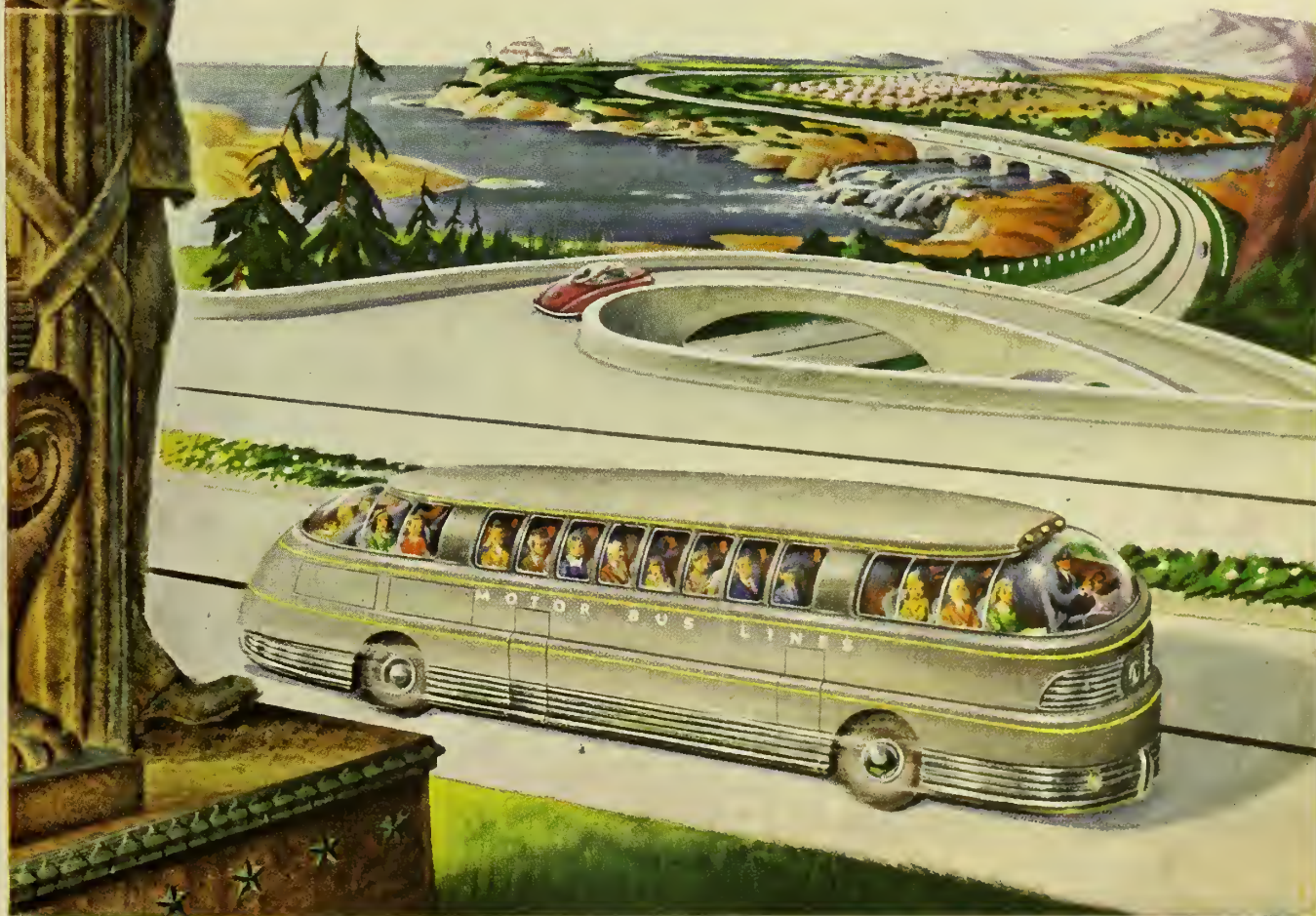
new terminals and inviting new wayside inns.

And in the buses themselves, the greatest advances in travel comfort yet known can be achieved through important changes in bus size and design. Plans call for wider, roomier seats for greater riding ease... increased leg room... wider aisles... thicker wall insulation for better control of inside temperatures. Engineering progress would, at the same time, enhance the traditional safety of bus travel with larger brakes, wider tires and increased road stability.

These and a host of other improvements are just around the "bend in the road" for the millions of people whose social and economic welfare is daily enriched by bus transportation.

To assure that better day of travel, highway authorities all over America are now considering progressive steps to modernize regulations enacted in the days of narrow highways. Their revision of outmoded limitations on bus size and design will permit the finest and safest public travel ever known on the highways.

Write for the new and interesting booklet, "Modern Highways and How They Can Serve You Better."



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



"That makes two of us who got what we wanted"

A MAN'S best friend this Christmas, we say, is likely to be the one who gives him a bottle of Calvert.

For this superb whiskey is *the real thing*

...so smooth and flavorful it simply can't be imitated! That probably explains why, year in and year out, Calvert is reported "the whiskey most often asked for by name".

(P.S. While you're rounding up Calvert for your Christmas list, pick up some for your own holiday hospitality. But be sure you get Calvert...if you want *the real thing*.)

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE **Calvert**



*It's the
Real Thing*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



Europe's Their Dish

By John Groth

Through the Army's Special Services American soldiers are getting acquainted with all parts of the Continent, which is beginning to tick under the stimulus of Yank spending

IN EUROPE the letters "SS" used to spell dread and terror for thousands of unhappy people. Today they signify Special Services, which means happiness for thousands of American boys who have been set in the heart of the unhappy continent. Their dull work of guarding bridges, watching work details and ferreting among the dirndls for the missing Adolf Hitler is enlivened by baseball, football, basketball, golf, ski-

ing, jive and symphony, books and shows, tours and postcards, all laid on by Special Services in the biggest story for the people at home about our guys over there.

The war is over and a guy has time to see and think. If he isn't kept busy doing and seeing things he likes that help him forget the sights around him and added to these, the worrying about whether those big-paying jobs will still be around when

he goes home, all of this is enough to send a guy right off his top.

There are those who say that German women will finally win the war and that time spent in frauleins' arms helps drown the unhappy thoughts but makes our guys "good" to the Germans when their job is to see that the Germans never start another war. The only thing that's going to do much about licking the girl problem in Germany is the Army Special Service program and it's going to take a program as big as the WPA back in the '30's to keep girl-hungry GIs away from the neat, sweet-smelling frauleins with their freshly scrubbed skins and Lux-white clothes. To these hungry girls the American GI with his candy bars and cigarettes looks like

A group gets the lowdown
on the famous castle at
Heidelberg



At Zugspitze, high in the Bavarian Alps, two GIs shoot the breeze with a fraulein

Clark Gable even if he's only five feet four and has a nose like a pickle.

SS headquarters in Paris laid down a jeep and gave me unlimited orders to go anywhere in the theatre to look at the thousand ramifications of this great program.

At Heidelberg I joined my tour to that of five GIs who were there on a visit. They had come by truck from Weingarten and were thrilled pink to see, as PFC Arthur Riggall of Philadelphia, Pa., put it, "a place I've read about and always heard about—'The Student Prince'—the place where guys cut each other's faces and like it." The usual "I-hated-Hitler" guy showed us through the miles of rooms and corridors, dungeons and wine-cellars of the storied castle. There

were American wisecracks of "Who are these Joes?", meaning the statues of the Electors in the ten-foot-high niches along the walls, and "What a bazooka!" alluding to a cross-bow in the weapons room, and cries of "Bury me here!" and "I don't wanta go home!" when we entered the wine-cellar and saw the duke's twenty-foot-high, 10,000-gallon wine keg.

The Heidelberg tour is but one of dozens put on by SS. There are trips to Paris and London, boat trips on the Rhine, visits to the Bavarian Alps of Austria, and all-expense tours to Switzerland, the kind of trips that cost hundreds of dollars in the days before the war. Even picture postcards are provided so the guy can ink in X the window of a castle and write: "Dear Mom,

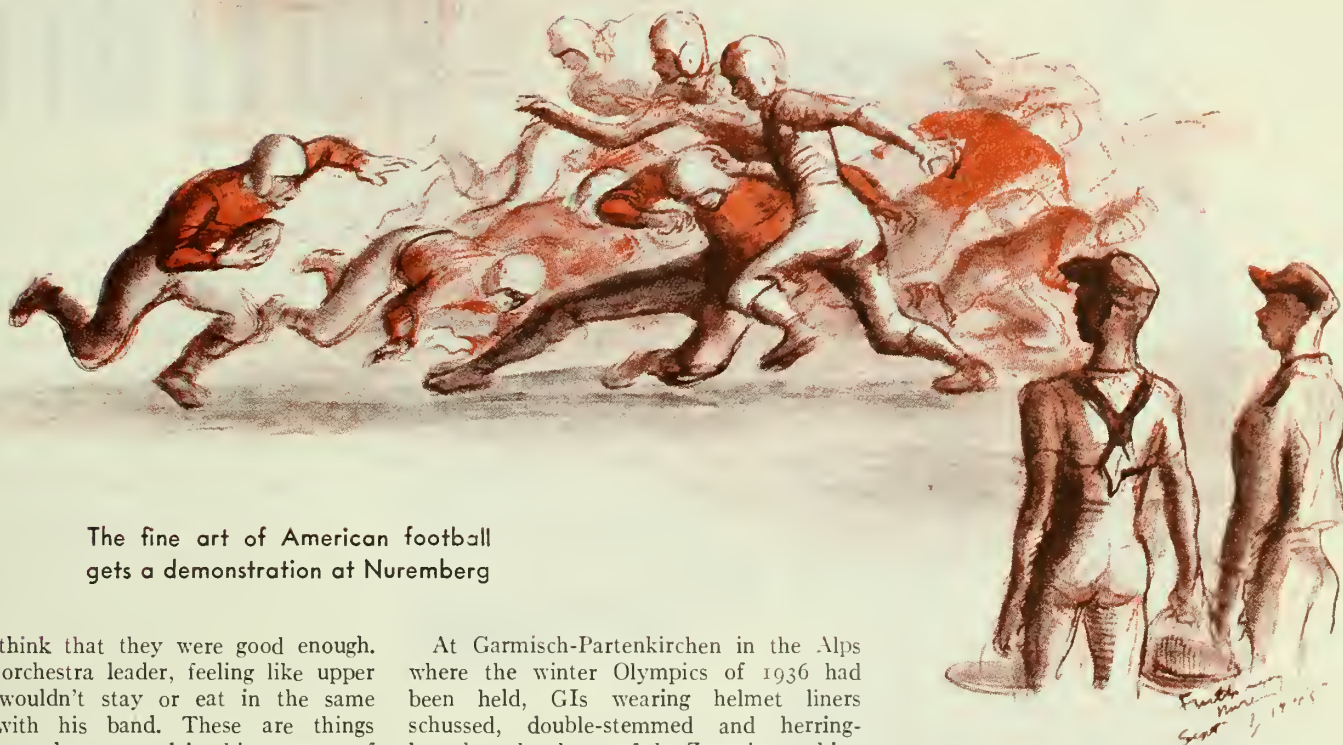
I slept here in a king's castle last night."

At the opera house in Stuttgart, I sat with hundreds of GIs and heard Beethoven's Fifth hold them. Lt. Don Schader of Huron, S.D., SS officer, told me of the entertainment program in Stuttgart, a program I found repeated in every occupied German city. There are operatic programs every night, "La Traviata" and "Carmen," put on by the local opera company. Handel's "Messiah," with three hundred and fifty voices and a symphony of 75 drew capacity GI crowds nightly, the "heavy stuff" competing favorably with Bob Hope, Shep Fields and Jack Benny. Bob Hope had packed 23,000 into the Stuttgart Stadium. When there wasn't opera or jive, there were plays. "Night Must Fall" and "Kiss and Tell" were playing to capacity houses.

This might be the place to speak of USO shows and Special Service's handling of them. There has been some criticism of SS management by top-flight stars. In some cases the criticism has been warranted; in most, it has not. The Army has its side of the argument as well. Certain name stars refuse to play before audiences of under 20,000. The Army provides the best accommodations, and transportation, and does everything possible to make the tours comfortable. Some stars ask for souvenir guns and usually they're given up by some SS officer who got one early in the war and has been wanting to take it home some day. One star asked for cigars, and half a dozen officers jeeped hither and yon for hours, trying to find some. When they were finally brought to him, the star

"Slide, WAC, slide."
P.S. She was out





The fine art of American football gets a demonstration at Nuremberg

didn't think that they were good enough.

One orchestra leader, feeling like upper brass, wouldn't stay or eat in the same hotel with his band. These are things which must be expected in this greatest of all entertainment programs. SS is the greatest booking agency in the world, and when you've got thousands of entertainers and hundreds of units there are bound to be some unhappy incidents. One of the common complaints of soldiers situated in outpost towns is their not having seen Jack Benny or Bob Hope. This is because it just isn't possible to play in a hundred places at once.

In a village just outside Munich I saw a softball game, WACs versus nurses, not the first softball I'd seen. I never jeeped through any town or village where our men were stationed that a softball wasn't being lobbed back and forth across the street by a couple of helmeted guys just before mess or in the few minutes between supper and dark. The dirndled and half-pants Bavarians who were watching understood about as much of what they were seeing as we Americans do of cricket, but it was hard not to have a good time watching the female form in motion. Bats, balls, gloves, and catchers' masks are but a tiny part of the trainloads of equipment distributed throughout the theatre.

A few weeks later in Nuremberg Stadium, I sat with 40,000 men watching the final game of the theatre baseball championship. The big league name players, the beer, cokes, peanuts, score cards and the "Kill the ump!", "Take 'im out!", Bronx cheers and the playing of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "Three Blind Mice" when the umpires came on the field had the 40,000 back in Wrigley Field or Yankee Stadium instead of a place where 100,000 storm troopers had heiled Adolf the First and Last.

At Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Alps where the winter Olympics of 1936 had been held, GIs wearing helmet liners schussed, double-stemmed and herring-boned on the slopes of the Zugspitze, taking time out now and then to self-consciously slalom past and around on-looking Alpine Valkyries. The men had been brought down from Third Army to the SS rest camp where they lived in a chalet-like hotel, eating off white tablecloths American food prepared by the best chefs, getting everything from consomme to pie à la mode, playing bridge and poker, drinking at their own bar, wearing no ties, doing no saluting. When they felt like moving, there was tennis, and boating and swimming—and skiing six thousand feet up. This was but one of the dozens of rest centers.

There are 62 hotels, run by the Seventh Army alone, in France, Holland and Belgium, and large rest centers of several hotels each at Nancy, Dijon, Grenoble, Chamonix, and on the Riviera.

At Pilsen in Czechoslovakia, in an arts and crafts shop set up in an old German infantry barracks room, dozens of GIs were whittling, painting and metal-working away the waiting hours, making figured ashtrays, pretty-girl water colors and cartridge-cigarette lighters for friends at home. SS has a school in Paris where men are trained to teach these crafts. At Salzburg, Austria, Maj. John Sackas told me of the tons of leather and the hundreds of artists' paint boxes and the machinery for cutting things, made available, as well as truck-loads of marble being brought up from Carrara, Italy, for the big arts and crafts center which they were setting up in a warehouse.

At Prague, also in Czechoslovakia, I attended one of the international meets between the Allies. SS had made possible

the sending of a swimming team from 22d Corps to compete with the Czechs in the outdoor swim stadium set in the banks of the Moldau. It was a cold day and it was a rainy day, but the three thousand spectators, very pretty girls among them, had a good time as did our fellows. Although the GIs lost all the swimming events, they captured the hearts of the girls of Prague.

In Berlin there was an international track meet in which the Russians wouldn't compete after a look at our runners. We

(Continued on page 71)



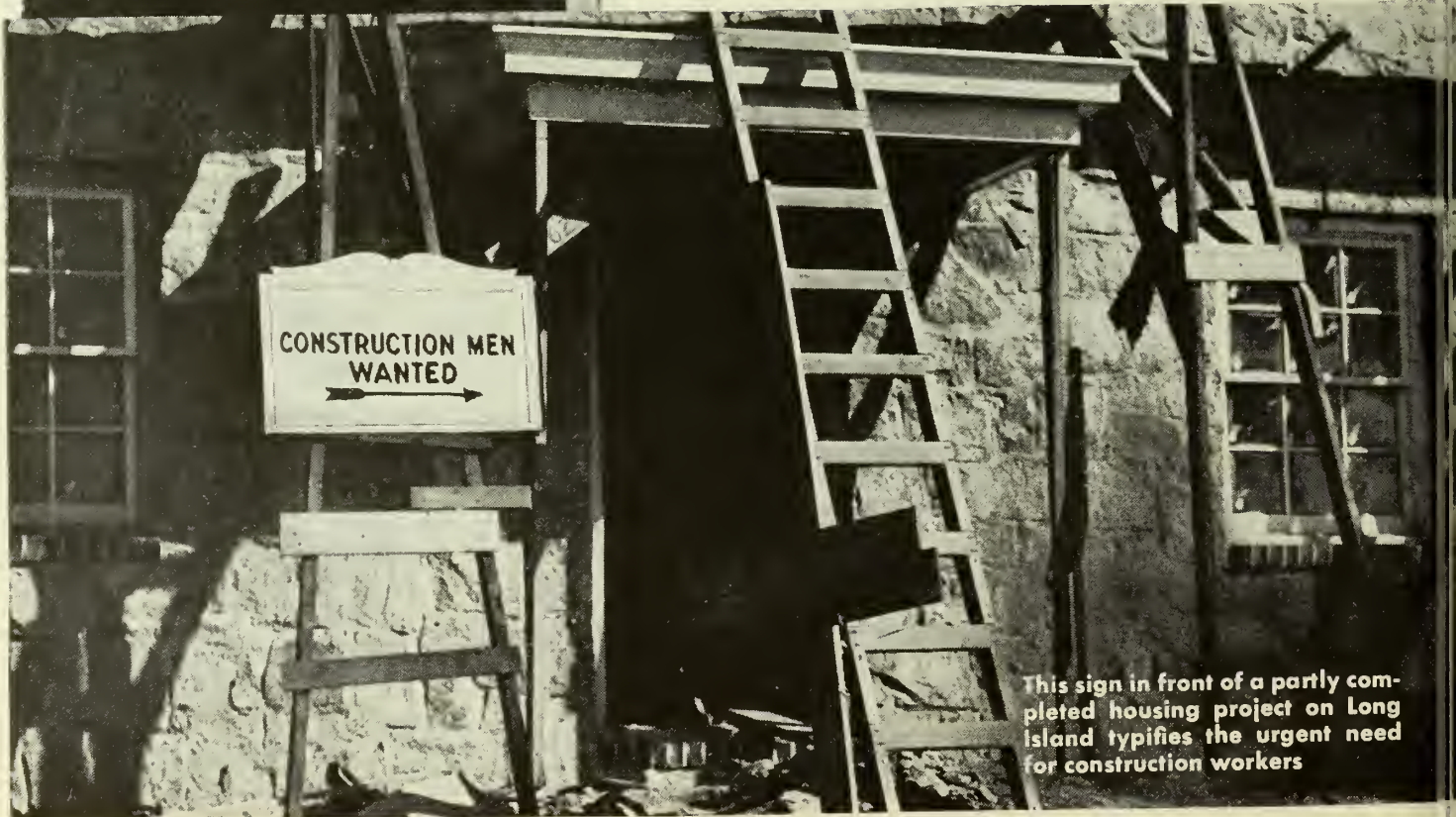
A Yank stunt that really stopped the show at Prague

Building

Millions of jobs are available in construction work, for both trained and untrained men, and some authorities see a ten-year boom just ahead in that field. Here's what to do if the idea hits you where you live

By Murray Davis

Ex Tank-Corpsman Matthew Trimiglozzi seems pleased with his new job as laborer on a construction project



This sign in front of a partly completed housing project on Long Island typifies the urgent need for construction workers

Can Use You

THROUGHOUT the nation signs reading, "Construction Men Wanted," are springing up. Their arrows direct applicants to raw excavations awaiting the next step in the process of building, or plainly state the address of the office of the home builder or construction company.

This means that the shortage of building trades mechanics is acute. It means, also, that veterans who like to pound nails, sling paint and build things, will find plenty of opportunities, at high rates of pay, as soon as construction gets underway.

But it isn't quite as simple as that, according to William Joshua Barney, president of the W. J. Barney Corp., and chairman of the Apprenticeship Committee of the Associated General Contractors of America, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Apprenticeships still will be necessary, he warns, for many of the returning veterans even though they have learned building skills while in service.

"A considerable number of the younger returning veterans still will have to serve apprenticeships, for varying lengths of time, before they can become journeymen," explains Mr. Barney, "because the building

training and skill they acquired in service is not enough to rate them as all-around skilled mechanics."

However, these veterans will be given credit for their war-acquired knowledge and many will be upgraded, which means they'll have a considerable head start on the rank greenhorns. In addition, they'll be given a chance to speed up their training time through apprenticeship courses.

These courses already are being established in most parts of the country under the direction of apprenticeship boards or committees made up of representatives from contractors' and builders' groups and union officials. These boards or committees are especially anxious to interest veterans in these courses and are in touch with American Legion Posts, Veterans' Bureaus and kindred organizations.

As a further inducement to veterans to learn a building trade, established apprenticeship programs are specifically recognized as educational courses under the American Legion-sponsored G. I. Bill of Rights. Veterans who qualify are allowed a subsistence minimum of \$50 a month without dependents, \$75 with dependents, tools and a

minimum of one year of training.

These courses include carpentry, cabinet making, bricklaying, masonry, plumbing, sheet-metal work, steam fitting, electrical work and most of the other building trades. For more advanced training at the college level, there are courses in such subjects as air conditioning, construction engineering, reinforced concrete design and construction, etc.

Veterans taking these courses may be able to work out a plan where they'll be gainfully employed at the same time. Although the administrator, in such instances, may reduce the subsistence allowance, rulings available indicate that deductions will not be made until the earnings and allowance equal a journeyman's wage.

"Therefore, in many trades, the combined income of the apprentice's pay and the subsistence allowance will be enough to attract young veterans, especially those who come in with a long-term view toward their future," Mr. Barney points out. "Even here, however, in some trades this combined income may still be low enough to warrant consideration of revising the apprentice-

(Continued on page 60)



Legionnaire George Gross, builder, and Infantryman Hans Lauterbach, bricklayer, study a set of blueprints



Legionnaire Edward F. Meehan, 2½ years in the Air Corps and now a housing project engineer, sights in with a transit level

Drawing by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

The Undoing of Old Hep

I SAW correspondents come and I saw correspondents go when I was the public relations officer of the 572d Parachute Infantry, but never did I see a correspondent like Harlbert Hepperson, Old Hep, as he was called by his millions of readers with proud affection, asked no quarter. He was with the first-wave troops on every landing. His limbs were liberally speckled with scar tissue, evidence of the flesh wounds he mentioned so casually in his dispatches. His contempt for peril, man-made or natural, made GIs all over the Pacific throw away their cots and mosquito bars shamefacedly. He scorned the comforts of correspondents' quarters and messes, and there is even one observer who claims to have seen him eating a C ration biscuit.

Nothing could stop Old Hep—until he met PFC Herman Frutig.

One morning when the 572d Parachute Infantry was still in New Guinea, I got word that Old Hep would make a stop at our Division and while he was there he would write an article about a representative paratrooper. I was to choose the representative paratrooper. I chose PFC Herman Frutig. Not, I'll admit, because he was representative. Hardly that. But, on the other hand, he was a colorful cuss.

Herman could do 1,500 consecutive push-

ups on a hot New Guinea afternoon, the while reciting the first three chapters of *Treasure Island*, including the punctuation marks. Herman could do a handstand of thirty minutes' duration while spinning a fifty-gallon gasoline drum, full, on his feet. Most amazing of all, Herman could smoke an entire El Toro cigar during a parachute descent of only 300 feet. I was sure that Herman would warm the typhus-ravaged cockles of Old Hep's heart.

HERMAN, 190 pounds of knotty muscle and no forehead, was standing in the public relations tent when Old Hep arrived. I had just been coaching Herman on what to say to Old Hep. (Not that Herman needed coaching on what to say; the trick was to stop Herman once he got started.)

Old Hep strode into the tent, his large, inquisitive nose thrust out from under a battered pith helmet, two sharp blue eyes peering through thick lensed glasses. "I'm Old Hep," he said modestly. A pile of his columns slipped inadvertently from a brief-

case under his arm and fanned out on the desk in chronological order.

"I've got them, Mr. Hepperson, I've got them," I cried. "I am Captain McSweeney, public relations officer. And this is our representative paratrooper, Private Frutig."

"Meetcha, Frutig," said Old Hep.

"Meetcha, Harlotson," said Herman. "I got 72 jumps under my belt and only been hurt onct when my reserve chute opened but a mere 100 feet above the ground—"

"I suppose," interrupted Old Hep, "you want to ask me about all those operations I've been on. Well, my first show was quite a baptism. Bribe the authorities to let me go up the Kokoda trail, foot slogging it every inch with the boys. We had nothing those days. Just Yank guts and determination."

"I will admit," said Herman, "that I was pretty scared that time. What happened was I forgot to hook up my static line and I free-fell one thousand, two hundred feet to a point merely but one hundred feet above the sun baked Georgia soil. But as good fortune would have it, fortunately I luckily had the presence of mind to pull my reserve chute and it opened but one hundred feet above the sun baked—"

"It has never," said Old Hep, "been that bad since, although the public is fond of" *(Continued on page 69)*

By Harry Nye



"I'm Old Hep," he said modestly, as a pile of his columns fanned out on the desk in chronological order



Don't Make a Pass at EDDIE

COL. EAGAN, TWO-WAR LEGIONNAIRE WHO BOSSES FIGHTING
IN NEW YORK STATE, CAN STILL HANDLE HIS DUKES IF HE HAS TO

By Paul D. Green

WHEN WORD spread around Jacobs Beach that Governor Dewey of New York was going to appoint a new Athletic Commissioner, the cauliflower set wondered out loud: "Who's it gona be? A political gee, an ex-pug, or a boxing writer?" When Governor Dewey announced his appointee, Edward Patrick Francis Eagan, they chorused, "Who's Eagan? What's he ever done?"

That reminds the handsome new Commissioner of a British heavyweight who asked the same question when he was booked to fight Eager Eagan. "Heddie Hegan?" he chirped. "Oo's ee?" "Ee" turned out to be the original Yank at Oxford, who promptly laid him away and took his British Empire championship from him.

Eddie Eagan's career seems to be a composite of Frank Merriwell, Horatio Alger,

Richard Halliburton, Frank Buck and Gene Tunney. At 46, he is husky and vigorous, looks ready to step into the ring if offered a good bout. Not many years back, he could have passed for a matinee idol. Today, good-looking in a Pat O'Brien sort of way, he towers over you, but a slight stoop makes him look shorter than his bare six feet when you stand up and talk to him. He has Dempsey hands, a ruddy outdoor face with a strong nose which has lost its sharpness from many ring encounters. A conservative dresser, in keeping with his legal background, Eagan affects no jewelry outside of a modest wrist watch. Pleasant to deal with, he surprises you with flashes of erudition, until you realize he was a Rhodes scholar.

Already, since he's been on the job, Eddie Eagan has shown Joe Louis's flair for hard-hitting and Gene Tunney's adept boxing

maneuverability. One of his duties is licensing new boxers, and he finds his command of Spanish a great help in dealing with the many Mexicans, Cubans and Puerto Ricans who come down to his office. If pressed, he can extricate himself from an embarrassing situation in Russian, too.

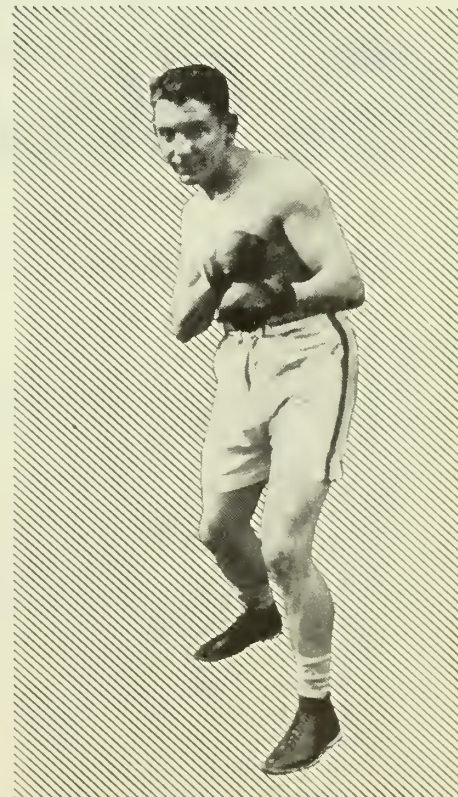
Col. Eagan has many ideas about the general uplift of the sport—even more precise than those originated by the redoubtable Marquis of Queensbury. His favorite theory is a scoring system for judging boxing matches. He explains his system simply:

"I would give from one to four points for each round," he says. "I don't believe in even rounds. It encourages lazy thinking on the part of referees. A bare win should count one, a clean win two, a one-sided round should earn three points, while a lopsided round with a knockdown would count tops—four. A fight should end with a regular score, like football, which reflects the aggressiveness, fighting technique, effective punching and boxing ability of the contestants."

Recent battles have been unofficially scored in this manner, and the results have coincided with actual decisions. Col. Eagan thinks many a fight formerly considered a draw would have had a winner if this method had been used.

Eddie Eagan has a great antipathy to gambling—not the \$2 bet placed by Joe Doakes with his friend—but the big time

(Continued on page 57)



Eddie, as he looked in 1925 when he knocked out the amateur heavyweight champion of Australia, who was seven feet high, weighed 265



So We're Joining the Legion

By **ALVIN SUDDETH**

THIS IS the story of my evolution from a beardless civilian into a trained soldier, into a realistic veteran, and finally—at the age of 23—into an enthusiastic member of The American Legion.

The story contains a moral.

Service in war is a terrific teacher. It quickens your thinking processes. It sharpens your perception. It develops your understanding. It crams you with concentrated experience. It gives you beyond-your-years maturity of judgment and the self-reliance to back that judgment.

My buddies and I, millions of us, learned that war takes guts. Guts is grit—unyielding courage. The test of combat hammered home to all of us one quick lesson. Three-fourths of grit is “git”! That’s the secret of our armed forces in winning the war. Twelve million Yanks learned to “git”—to Rome, Berlin and Tokyo—despite all the hell-spawned Nazis in Europe and Japs

in the Pacific. Sure, we paid a price in blood and life. But that daring to pay was the “it” of that “git” in “grit”!

I was proud to be an American fighting man of 1945.

Then it dawned upon me. We were not a new make of Yanks. We were just a later model. American soldiers and sailors always have had that “git.” They never lost a war! Valley Forge! Gettysburg! San Juan Hill! The Argonne Forest!

I became proud just to be an American. The Argonne—it was nearest among the epic American yesterdays. I recalled Dad’s descriptions of those 21 terrible days in

Hundreds of thousands who saw service in WW2 have signed up with the world’s largest war veterans’ organization. One of them tells what caused him to take the step

Drawing by **HENRY J. O'BRIEN**

1918 when the Yanks of World War I set out to “git” through the Hindenburg Line after others said it couldn’t be done. That was murderous hand-to-hand stuff. Every trench had to be paid for dearly. I began to see a great light. We—my buddies and I—were good only because we were chips off the old block.

For the first time I really felt proud of the American fighting man of 1918 too—and it came straight from my heart.

I felt more than that. I felt a new respect for the men of the first AEF. They were the guys I used to look at as old fogies—something out of my world. Now they stood revealed to me in a new light. I began to sense a kinship with them. Under the differing mantles of our respective years we were as alike as two peas in a pod. It became clear to me why my dad has had The American Legion in his blood for so many years. I was getting the first glimpses of

(Continued on page 66)

Some guys (and gals) have all the luck!

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS... his one-and-only in his arms... and to top it off she's about to hand him the finest gift in the world, a Remington Electric Shaver.

There's luck for you!

Remington Shavers are scarce this year. Production is still limited, and when you consider the millions who want them—well, only the extra-lucky can count on having one *this* Christmas.

Another reason why there are so few Remington Electric Shavers in the stores is that a large share of our production still goes to the Army and Navy on priority orders. Wounded servicemen in Government hospitals and airmen whose faces are susceptible to frostbite appreciate the extra comfort and convenience of a good electric shaver.

But here's a suggestion. Should your dealer be sold out, ask him for one of his gift priority certificates.* This will reserve a Remington for you from his next shipment. That's the next best thing for a man who has his heart set on a Remington Electric Shaver.

***DEALERS:** If you do not have your own gift certificates to use, wire to our factory for a supply of special Remington Shaver Gift and Priority Certificates.



Illustrated—The famous Remington Threesome—\$17.50. Also available in limited quantities, the new, streamlined Remington Dual—\$15.75.

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NO BLADES

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If you are fortunate enough to own a Remington, let us help you keep it in good condition. There are Remington Shaver service stations at Remington Rand stores in 77 cities. If you cannot locate one near you, write to Remington Rand, Inc., Electric Shaver Div., Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada, Remington Rand, Ltd., Toronto.



*To the Happiest
Holidays in Years*

SCHENLEY
RESERVE



HOW TO MAKE A SCHENLEY TOM & JERRY
Separate whites and yolks of 3 eggs. Put yolks in large bowl, add 8 heaping teaspoons granulated sugar and beat until thick. Mix in one pint SCHENLEY Reserve and one-fourth pint Jamaica rum. Whip egg whites until stiff and fold in. To serve: Fill mugs two-thirds full of mixture. Fill with hot (not boiling) milk, stirring constantly. Grate nutmeg on top. Serves 8.

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They Won't Use COCONUTS

By PFC Joe Wilman
As told to Bob Deindorfer

Faster alleys, automatic pinsetters and automatic range finders are a few of the new things soon to be made available to the more than 16 million Americans who consider Bowling the Tops

A SHIRTLESS MARINE scratched a fresh score into the sand of an uncharted Pacific island beach and grinned at his leather-neck teammate who just had scored a spare in their private bowling tournament.

Another marine, a big, blond kid from Iowa, spun his ball down the alley. Five pins fell—and the ball rolled off the beach and into the sea.

Laughing, the Iowa boy ran to the nearest coconut tree and "shook down" another bowling ball. It was a fairly round coconut.

That coconut ball stuttered down the hard sand flat and dumped four more pins. The Marines went on with their bowling game. They never chalked their fingers before throwing because there was no chalk.

In fact, the alley and the game were far different than the ones "back home." Those Marines rolled coconuts instead of perfectly-balanced balls. They used a sand strip instead of a finely-polished wood alley, and they threw at pieces of drift wood dug into the sand instead of at varnished pins.

Yet it was bowling of a sort and the veteran jungle fighters were having the time of their service lives. They marked out a full set of alleys on the sand flats. Ergo: "The Coconut and Driftwood League."

While those front-line fighters hand-made their game, more than 16,000,000 Americans in and out of the service were using "civilized" equipment. The sport flourished in 20 nations. Even servicemen based at such outposts as Saipan, Guam and Dutch Harbor competed on alleys as up-to-date as those back in America.

The Japanese troops learned their bowling lessons early in the war. American civilian and service personnel stood on the YMCA roof during the first bombing raids over Shanghai. Tiring of watching the Nip bombers come over, they went back to the basement—and finished their bowling game. Learning of this, the Japanese aviators wondered just what kind of a game had such a tight grip on Americans that it detracted from the spectacle of first-hand bombing.

After the Pearl Harbor attack, the first war bond rallies were held on the Hawaiian Islands. A war bond bowling tournament was scheduled. The Japanese learned of it. Jap radio broadcasts, beamed for island consumption, laughed at the idea of bowling for "worthless scraps of paper"—American war bonds.

To show just what effect this had on them, the Hawaiian Island bowlers set a war bond sale record still unbeaten in that territory.



Here's a strike coming up for George Hill, New York State topnotcher, with a hook from the right that hit No. 1 and No. 3 at the same time

The Japanese still had more to learn about the strange American sport of bowling. They learned it from soldiers of the 37th Army Division.

To those American troops engaged, the battle of the "Bowling Alley vs. The Yellow House" always will be remembered as the toughest fight in the Pacific war. The scenery of the scrap was simple: The Japanese troops held a yellow house on the Philippine island, while the American 37th held a bowling alley building just 30 yards away.

Bloody and bitter—as, indeed, all of the Philippine fighting was, more men were killed per capita in that fight than in any other brawl in the vicinity. The Japanese attacked the bowling alley for two consecutive days, according to army correspondents. They were driven back each time.

Relying on the "underground," those Jap troops burrowed tunnels beneath that 30-yard "no man's land," running tunnels from the yellow house to the bowling-alley building. The toxin for this was simple, however. Whenever a Jap head popped up out of a tunnel hole, a generous American hand grenade would be thrown. This served two ends: killing the enemy soldier and partially jamming up the tunnel.

Ammunition was scarce on the field during those early days, however, and soon the American troops secured in the alley building found themselves out of hand grenades. With Yankee presence of mind, the officers ordered bowling balls to replace grenades.

The script was the same. Whenever a yellow head came out of a tunnel, a 16-pound bowling ball was fireballed at it. We won the battle and to those Americans who bowled their greatest games off Japanese skulls it will remain the high point of the war.

"Boy, that's real bowling when you bounce the balls off heads of dirty Nips," Pvt. Robert Muse of Douglas, Ariz., said. "One night I got two strikes and a spare." (Continued on page 40)



The Noblest Game Alive

By Archibald Rutledge

AS I eased myself out of my car, far back in the Carolina wilderness, the first thing I felt was a heavy drop of warm rain out of the pitchblack sky. It was then a half hour before daylight. With me was my faithful Negro hunter, Prince. As I could smell the rain coming, the chance for killing a gobbler for Christmas, then three days off, was not cheering. But a hunter has to make the best of circumstances, especially of the weather. I told Prince to wait in the car; I would go back on Hickory Hill, on the edge of the vast and mournful river-swamp, there to see what I could do about vamping an old bearded man up to me.

The call I use I have worked over for more than twenty years; I tried more than twenty-five kinds of wood before I got a combination that gives off a tone that has both It and Umph. A wild gobbler's an aristocrat, and the wildwood princess you are simulating must not have a voice like a

hefty barnyard damsel. This call of mine, christened Miss Seduction, can make one of the old heavy-shod boys collapse emotionally. He just can't take it.

By the time I got to Hickory Hill, wan daylight was breaking, but it was now drizzling steadily. The woods were foggy. Everything was dripping. I was dripping. In such weather wild turkeys may stay long on the roost; or, gliding down silently, they keep to old trails, or loaf under bushes. They hate rain, and they don't like to move about much in fog and mist, probably because the liers-in-wait and the stalkers among their enemies can be shrouded therein.

On Hickory Hill there's an old pine stump with a fringe of sweet myrtle growing around it. It's one of my favorite calling places. But on this morning the stump was wet and the myrtles were wet, and there was no overhead cover. I therefore



walked over to a dense cedar-tree, through which the rain was only dripping. I sat down, took out my call, and touched it. To my surprise, an old buck whistled wildly and then crashed away through the swamp. As it is absolutely fatal to call too much, I waited for full ten minutes before touching Miss Seduction again. During that interval I neither heard nor saw anything, but I had uneasy visions of eating pork sausages for Christmas. The woods were soundless and eerie in the softly swirling fog. It really was no kind of morning for any sort of hunting. The visibility was so low that there was genuine danger that a man might mistake a buzzard for a wild turkey; and what a mistake that would be, my Countrymen!

The second time I touched my call, faintly, out of the veiling mists, from far-off, came a very drowsy "Keow, keow."

I knew that if one turkey were answering me, I probably could lure him within range; but with a flock, that would be different. Members of a flock may answer a call, but they will say, "All right; you come on over here."

I retreated to my wet stump, where the myrtles would shield me. I did not call again. Fortunately an old trail led from where the birds were to my rendezvous. A slight sound ahead of me made me get my gun up. And I might say that in hunting these old boys I always use 4's in my right barrel, 2's in my left. In a minute or two I saw the dull gleam of lustrous wet chestnut plumage. Though I have hunted wild turkeys for fifty years, this was the only time I had ever called up a flock. Here they came, sixteen of them. Alone in the wilderness, I had a perfect chance to make a drag shot into the flock on the ground. They were well bunched. But that's illegal; perhaps more important, there's no sport in it. As they entered a little arena, they began to spread out, scratching in a desultory fashion. I made up my mind to nail the biggest gobbler on the ground, and then try for another when they flew or ran. As a rule, hens are quicker to take wing than are gobblers, especially heavy ones. And as a sudden shot often bewilders these birds (as it would you or me), a man usually has time for another. As my gun spoke, an old veteran with a beard like a prophet collapsed; the air was then full of turkeys, and some ducked back into the thickets. I killed a second gobbler as he was towering for the pine-tops. We would celebrate Christmas after all.

Prince I had left in the car in the rain a full mile away. I don't know how he does these things, but by the time I was picking up the first gobbler, he was with me. These birds weighed 22 and 20 pounds—the former just about the limit for the true wild turkey. Once in the snowy Pennsylvania mountains I killed a gobbler that weighed 31 pounds; but he did not have the faultless grace and streamlining of the real aristocrat; his feet and legs were huge; his head and neck were too big and too red; and I know that he had barnyard relatives. The genuine wild turkey is a tailor-made bird, tall and slender, with pink legs and indigo head. His alertness is keen and constant; and he starts in high.

In country such as mine, where both the deer and the wild turkey abound, it is natural to compare their senses; and their senses are their life insurance. The turkey has by far the keener eyesight. Every hunter knows that if he does not move, and if a buck does not wind him, he may have to get out of the animal's way. A deer detects, at a long distance, a movement. But what might be called his static eyesight is poor—at least compared to the wild turkey's. One of these great birds will see and will identify a man even if the man never winks his eyes. If a deer sees a motionless man, he will say, "That's just a stump." But if a wild turkey sees a stump, he will say, "Look yonder. That may be a man." I have had a wild turkey turn away from me at a distance of full two hundred yards, and though I had not moved, I know that he had made me out.

Once, just at sunrise, I was stalking a wild gobbler, roosted on a giant cypress. I made the stalk all right by using intervening trees. At last, within easy range, flattened against the bole of a big sweet-gum, I got

ready for my shot. But I was not wary enough. I let the barrels of my gun project to the side of the tree. The light of the rising sun glinted on the steel. That was enough. That old bird stormed off across the river, and I went home without even much of an alibi.

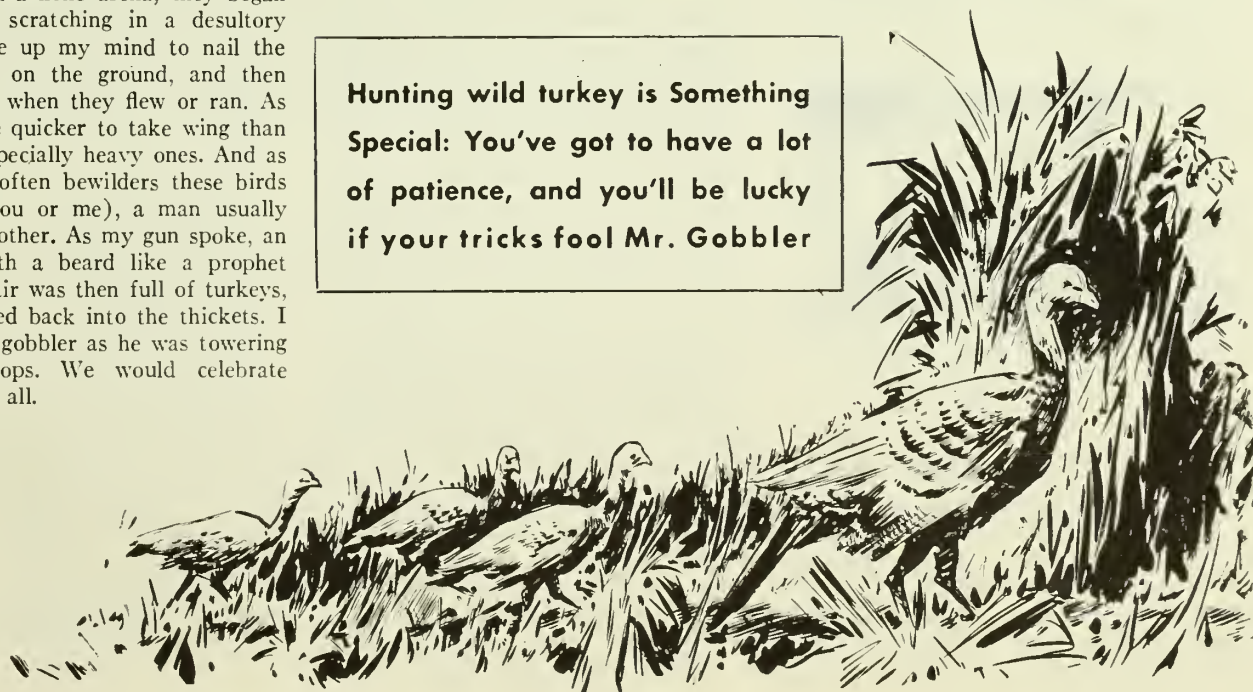
When it comes to the sense of hearing, I think the deer and the turkey are about on a par, but there is this difference; the wild turkey is more sensitive to noise than a deer. I think he is more easily startled. I know that in deer-driving, if there are both deer and turkeys in the same area, the turkeys will always come out first. I once roused an old buck from a little clump of pines not more than two hundred yards from the uproar of a sawmill. You'll never see a wild turkey near such a place. The truth is that the deer takes rather kindly to civilization, whereas the turkey does not. I have noticed that when a tract of timber has been cut, the deer do not seem to mind the thickets that spring up; but the turkeys will desert such an area. They love open woods, the more primeval the better; and it should always be remembered that they must have old trees in which to roost.

No game animal, I think, has a better sense of smell than the deer; often he relies on it alone for safety. Insofar as I have been able to determine, after a lifetime in the woods, the wild turkey does not use his nose for self-protection. On many occasions, though the opportunity to do so was perfect, I never saw one ever give any sign that he had winded a man.

In maintaining a daily routine, the wild turkey is like the grouse or the quail; but of course he travels farther. Then, he may just take a notion to quit the country. He may be here today, and tomorrow he may

(Continued on page 34)

Hunting wild turkey is Something Special: You've got to have a lot of patience, and you'll be lucky if your tricks fool Mr. Gobbler





That Fantastic Radar

By Norman R. Goldman

Behind-the-scenes incidents showing what Allied superiority in radar contributed toward winning the war

BACK IN 1942 the cavity magnetron, which made airborne microwave radar possible, was one of the Allies' top secrets. So there was considerable excitement when, one November afternoon, a magnetron popped out of a B-24 somewhere over Virginia. For three days picked air force personnel scoured the countryside, not daring to tell anyone the object of their hunt.

The Liberator fitted with one of the earliest microwave ASV (Air-to-Surface-Vessel) radars, was returning to Langley Field, Va., after a day of anti-sub tests. The tests were especially important because the aircraft was soon to leave for England to pitch into the U-boat war. Aboard was Wing Commander E. I. R. MacGregor, RAF radar specialist, and most of the AAF crew that was to take it over.

As they approached the field the sergeant who had been hovering over the radar, adjusting this and tightening that, began retracting the extended belly turret which housed the antenna and modulator, including the cavity magnetron. He did this by turning a wooden handle which revolved the two long retraction screws that held



On the way eastward they ran into a tight formation of 30 Jerries, going the opposite way

back, but he was helpless against 300 lbs. plus a slipstream. After a breathless moment the other screw gave way and the installation—turret, magnetron and all—plunged 1000 ft. downward. The sergeant had been winding out instead of in.

At Langley Field nearby several men had seen the big cylindrical object drop and noted the position. But though the search was narrowed the army of hunters made slow progress. After three days the turret and its scattered cargo were found in a swamp. The antenna was smashed but the cavity magnetron, for which the enemy gladly would have paid a tremendous price, was intact.

Once in action, the cavity magnetron remained a secret for many more months and contributed heavily in the radar successes of Allied bombers.

COL. DAVE SCHILLING, C.O. of the 56th Fighter Group and a top AAF ace to boot, was rough and ready and always handed out the orders in the air. Yet on at least one occasion a non-flying lieutenant told him what to do and made him like it.

It happened two days before Christmas, 1944, while the Germans under Field Marshal von Rundstedt were making their all-out thrust into the Ardennes. Everything that the AAF could send up was in the air, including Col. Schilling with 47 Thunderbolts behind him. He was hell-bent for leather, eager to rip into anything with a swastika painted on its wings.

But on the ground some miles away a big ground radar known in air-to-ground talk as "Nuthouse" saw the whole picture in the sky. It saw Col. Schilling's Thunderbolts coming along with other AAF fighters and it saw other targets which, by their disposition, it knew to be bandits. Because Nuthouse commanded a view of the sky, Col. Schilling had been instructed to look to it for guidance. It so happened that Lt. Craig, a youthful AAF radar controller, was the one to give it.



The P-61s opened fire, and after a few bursts the transport caught fire and exploded

On the way eastward Col. Schilling's fighters ran into a tight formation of 30 Jerries, going the opposite way. Col. Schilling was all for bouncing them then and there.

"Keep going," said Lt. Craig, "There's bigger game ahead."

But other enemy fighters kept coming—the air was thick with planes that day—and Col. Schilling fumed and stewed at Lt. Craig's obstinacy.

Over Bonn the radar controller said, "Look sharp. Here it is." And a moment later the 48 Thunderbolts were tangling with 250 ME-109s and FW-190s in one of the hottest battles of the war. When it was over the 56th Fighter Group, with slight loss, had knocked down 35 of the enemy. Col. Schilling was credited with one of the best individual scores of the war—five. His report read:

"... Group leader regrets questioning Nuthouse's judgment."

(Continued on page 48)



All three showed bright and clear on the scope

the turret to the plane. "Isn't it coming up slow?" ventured W/C MacGregor after a long time.

"Seems to," said the sergeant.

As they leaned over to survey the situation there was a grating sound and the right hand screw left its mooring, leaving the turret dangling downward. W/C MacGregor straddled the hole and tried to drag it



Their calendars are years ahead

These men are metallurgists. They are tapping a miniature electric furnace in a Republic Steel laboratory. They are again checking the formula of one of the highly successful standardized war steels with the idea of improving it if possible—and making it fully adaptable to peacetime products.

You may meet this steel in your 1946 car, or in the automatic washing machine you buy in 1947, or the plane in which you hop the Pacific in 1950. You will find it in hundreds of post-war products, for your personal use, for your home, for your business.

When Republic metallurgists were asked to develop an armor plate that could not be pierced by large calibre projectiles, they produced it. When they were asked for a new projectile steel which would pierce that new armor, they did that, too. Then they developed a new armor plate to stop the new projectiles—and so on until

special war steels had been perfected for hundreds of uses.

These standardized steels of the future will be strong—tough—light—long lasting—good-looking—economical—easy to fabricate.

It is this constant working for improvement that brings progress. Republic metallurgists developed the cold drawing of steel—the first chromium vanadium steels—the first nickel-molybdenum steels—the first chart for standardizing grain size in steel—electric weld oil country pipe and casing.

These men developed the famous Aircraft Quality Steels used in American war planes—and many other special alloy steels.

The world of the future will be a different and, we hope, a vastly better world. And Republic metallurgists are working *now* with their eyes and their minds on such a world—working to

create more jobs and better products in every industry that uses steel. Their calendars are years ahead.

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In order that engineers may obtain maximum results, Republic offers three different high strength steels—ALDECOR, COR-TEN and DOUBLE STRENGTH—from which they may select the one best suited to each specific use.

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O TANNENBAUM

(Continued from page 13)

this lessened the danger of fire from the anti-aircraft batteries.

He said that there would be a lot of bundles of chaff carried in the radio room; and then at the designated time—for instance, on this last operation it was twelve minutes before they got to the target (the target was called the A. P. and the place where they started to approach the target was called the I. P.; he told George Madison all of these things)—the radio operator would start throwing out those bundles of chaff through a little chute, and then the rush of air outside would tear open the bundles. That stuff would float around in the air and it would distract the radar location devices of the enemy.

It was just bad luck if you happened to get hit under these circumstances, but that was what happened to them.

"There were six flak bursts that came up almost together, and at least four of them hit our Fort. Two engines got knocked out immediately and then we caught fire; one shell hit right in front of the pilot's Plexiglas and that was the one that wounded Jimmy.

"He kept ringing the bell—we had a signal for bailing out—and he kept saying, 'All right, you guys, get out and walk.' He

kept driving the plane with one hand, I guess. He was what you would call fatally wounded, but of course I didn't know how bad it was. That same burst of flak had killed the co-pilot; and Madison told us over the inter-phone that the co-pilot was dead."

"I said, 'I'm coming up there,' and he said, 'The hell you are. You go ahead out of the hatch. Everybody else is gone; now you go ahead, and then I'll drop right down and follow you.'

"His voice sounded weak, but I still didn't realize he was just about dead because you know how everything happens that way . . . all at once, and everything happening. The hatch was back of the nose, just below the pilot's chair. I reached up and sort of socked Madison on his foot to let him know I was going, and then I bailed out.

"The Fort went away; she was starting to roll off on the right wing. I hung there and watched her after my chute was open. Then Madison came out. He—"

This was the only time Kloster's voice faltered.

"He was pretty badly shot up. He had lost a lot of blood. I guess the last conscious thing he did was to pull his rip-cord, and then he just swung there in the air and he must have died soon after that. The Jerries said that he was dead when he hit

the ground, and I guess they must have told the truth.

"But what I meant to tell you was this: I could see him swinging there, hanging in the air; and the air was full of chaff released by all those planes ahead of us, just the way we had been releasing ours. And it came down and drifted thick in the air and actually it was draping all over us. There was some on him, too . . . more of it seemed to hang and drape itself on Madison. I guess he was where the chaff was thickest. It just hung all over him—kind of decorated him, all silver, as he floated down."

There was a considerable silence. Mr. Madison stepped down from the chair and relighted his cigar, which had grown cold. "What," he said, "does it look like—this chaff you were talking about?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"This," said Kloster in a low voice, lifting strands of silver stuff from the branch he had been decorating, a minute before. "This is chaff."

After a few minutes, Mr. Madison put his cigar to rest in an ashtray. "O. K.," he said, lifting his head with all the pride in the world. "I still say let's go ahead and hang it on the tree. He always liked it that way. He said it made a Christmas tree look real."

NOBLEST GAME

(Continued from page 31)

be ten miles away. He is a prodigious walker, and as a runner, no man can catch him. When he wants to take the air routes, he can fly just about as far as he cares to. I have seen a gobbler, flushed from a tree on the Santee delta in time of flood, fly more than a mile and a half across the drowned country to the mainland.

I often kill turkeys by taking advantage of the regularity of their habits. I recall seeing a flock cross a road, feeding, at two o'clock one afternoon. The next afternoon they crossed at the same place at 2:05, and I was there to meet them. During the day turkeys usually travel in a great arc or a great circle, covering from four to eight miles. If they are not disturbed, they can usually be found about the same place at the same time.

One of my sons, home on furlough, spent a week with me last February, and I did all I could to give him a shot at a turkey. We never saw one. The morning he left, I had to be up early to get him off. When he had gone, I rather idly took my gun and walked down the river-bank. Only a quarter of a mile from the plantation house a wild gobbler flew from a tree over my head. As yet, it was dusky. Peering upward, I saw two more, but they were too far, and they saw me. Looking directly upward, I saw a fine one right over my head.

Now, all this happened at a place which my son, on my advice, had been hunting. At the crack of the gun, the old bird fell



"Sarge, how tall was the last guy on this beat?"

almost at my feet, but he was over the edge of the steep bank. As I took a step toward him, he began to scuffle off into the brush and briars, and it was so thick and the light was so poor I could not shoot again. I did not try to follow him. I went back to the house and got one of my beagle hounds. He at once took the trail of the gobbler, ran him nearly a mile, and caught him in the river-marsh. I retrieved him undamaged from my smart little dog. This suggests how readily a good dog will run a turkey trail; and if you have a dog with one of these really sensitive dispositions, it is a sight to watch him when he comes to the place where a wild turkey has taken wing! The trail suddenly ends, and he knows he's been swindled.

Of one of a group of woodsmen, I often hear it said, "He is a good turkey hunter." That means that here is a man who has studied his game until he can anticipate its stratagems. He is patient and tireless. He has a call with fatal glamour in its tone, and he knows not to overdo it; and he is one who is completely sold on the wild turkey, believing him the noblest game alive. For my part, I have a great weakness for a full-antlered stag, yet after a lifetime of hunting both deer and turkeys, I may say that I have killed two or three bucks for every gobbler; nor is there any other creature, bird or animal, that can quite match the wildwood majesty of the regal wild gobbler.

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Have your spark plugs inspected the "Plug-Chek" way by your friendly Auto-Lite dealer. But if new plugs are needed, ask for Auto-Lite spark plugs—they're ignition engineered.



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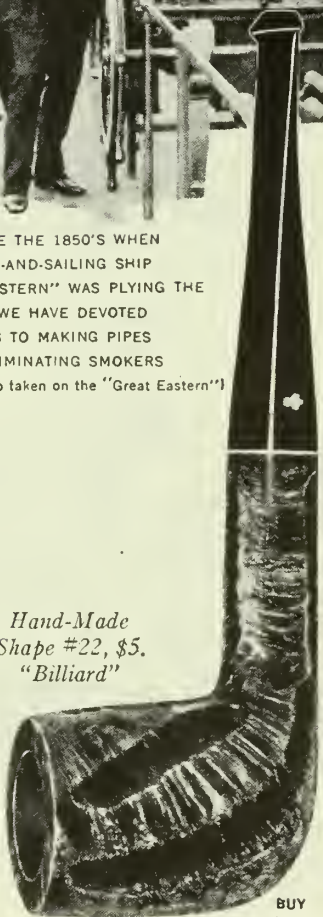




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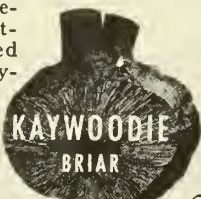
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"She got 216,874 votes as the feature GI's wanted most to find in their postwar automobile"

PARTNERS IN PEACE

(Continued from page 6)

But the techniques of mass education, the working principles of democracy, these were lacking. So when the Americans came, bringing thousands of teachers, the Filipinos rushed to the schools. When they established free elections, the Filipinos flocked to the polls.

Thus, under the tutelage of this great western democracy, a smaller democracy was shaped in the Far East—a democracy drawing its inspiration from America, and at the same time furnishing inspiration to all its neighbors.

During the years before the outbreak of the war in the Far East, the neighbors of the Philippines watched this experiment in democracy on their doorstep at first with curiosity and interest and then with dawning hope. And as they saw the Filipinos progress under the tutelage of the Americans, as they saw literacy increase and public health improve, as they saw America give the Filipinos ever-increasing measures of self-government and finally fix the date of independence, and as they saw the Filipinos exercise their powers of self-government with maturity and judgment, their respect for America grew to admiration, their admiration to reverence.

Just before the war, I traveled through most of the countries of the Far East. I talked with the leaders and representatives of the people themselves. And everywhere I went, I found the people of the Orient looking to America with eyes of hope and longing. America, because of her treatment of my country, symbolized to

them democracy, freedom, the good life.

As for my own people, their actions speak louder than words of their abiding love and loyalty to America. When the war came, thousands and thousands left their offices and their stores to go to the foxholes of Bataan. They had little if any military training, but still they fought—without adequate arms and equipment, without food and medicine—and for five long months they and their American comrades held back the Japanese hordes and gave America time to recover from the first treacherous blow.

When Bataan and Corregidor fell, my people fought on. They sheltered and protected the Americans in hiding among them, defying the Japanese threats of death and torture to do so. Hundreds of thousands—students, doctors, lawyers, writers, bus drivers, mechanics, chauffeurs—joined the active guerilla forces either to fight in the hills or to engage in sabotage and espionage in the cities. And the people themselves patiently faced hunger, disease, torture, in order to support their guerillas, giving them food from their insufficient stores, sending them information concerning the enemy, and facing the Japanese inquisitors in silence when they knew silence so often meant slow and painful death.

No bookkeeping machine, however intricate and wonderful, can ever compute how much the love and loyalty of the Filipino people has meant to the people of America. You cannot count lives in dollars and cents. The thousands of Americans in the Philippines during the occupation who escaped certain death because

A political cartoon by Bill Higgins titled "Highway Robbery". The scene depicts a highway where police officers, dressed in traditional uniforms, act as robbers. In the foreground, a car is stopped at a "STATE LINE" sign. An officer stands nearby, with a sign "UNREASONABLE WEIGHT LIMITS" and "CONFUSED TAXATION" floating near him. Another officer, holding a sign "UNNECESSARY REGULATIONS", is stopping a truck. A third officer, holding a sign "UNREASONABLE LENGTH LIMITS", is also present. A sign "SCALES" is held by an officer in the background. The cartoon is signed "Bill Higgins" in the bottom left corner. A sign in the bottom right corner reads "HIGHWAY ROBBERY".

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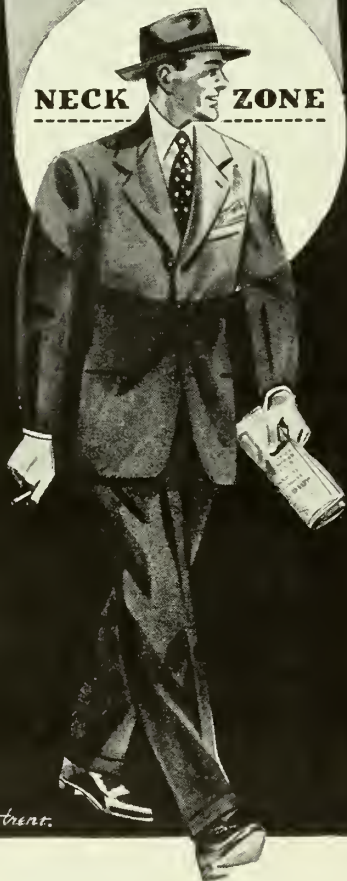
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"NECK ZONE"—famous and exclusive tailoring feature found only in STYLE-MART Clothes—makes them first choice of smart men everywhere. "NECK ZONE" insures smooth fit, perfect hang and complete wearing comfort at all times.

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of Filipino endurance and silence, the uncounted soldiers who are alive today because Filipino guerillas diverted or held back the Japanese from attacking the main American landing parties—who will put a price on them?

And as the Philippines has proved itself a loyal and staunch ally of America in the war, so it can and will in the peace.

During the fighting, our islands were a staging area for the attack on Japan.

Now that the fighting is over, our country can and must be a staging area for bringing American ideals of democracy and the American way of life to the entire Far East.

Victory can never be the end of war. Victory is a responsibility toward and a beginning of the peace. When the work of the generals and the admirals and the soldiers and the sailors ends, the work of the statesmen and the people themselves commences. For it is the statesmen and the people who will patiently and laboriously, without fanfare and glory, build nations based on democracy and justice. It is the statesmen and the people who will forge the bonds of international friendship which will give life and vitality to treaties and trade pacts. It is the statesmen and people, who, by following the principles of democracy in many small ways in their daily lives, will build a free and just international society so strong that the forces of fascism will never again dare raise their heads.

The problems which confront the democracies today are staggering. America is faced with the gigantic task of reconverting her industry from war to peace, of finding jobs for her displaced workers and her returning soldiers. The Philippines, like other countries which have suffered enemy occupation, must rebuild its shattered cities and its wrecked economic life. Hunger and disease and unrest are still abroad in the Far East. These must be cured and cleansed if peace is to be secure.

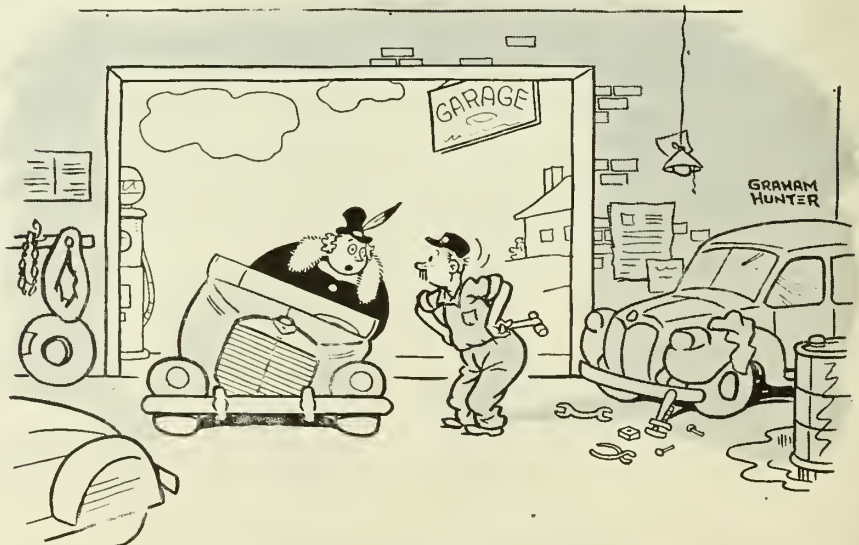


"Sorry, sir, but that chicken was on there by mistake"

But all these problems of peace can be solved if we remember the lessons we learned in war. The democracies of the world know that in war they must stand or fall together. The conquest of every small country by the forces of fascism made the task of the great democracies so difficult that there were times when the fate of the war hung in the balance. And if one of the great democracies had been conquered—if America had fallen—the world might never have seen democracy again during our lifetime.

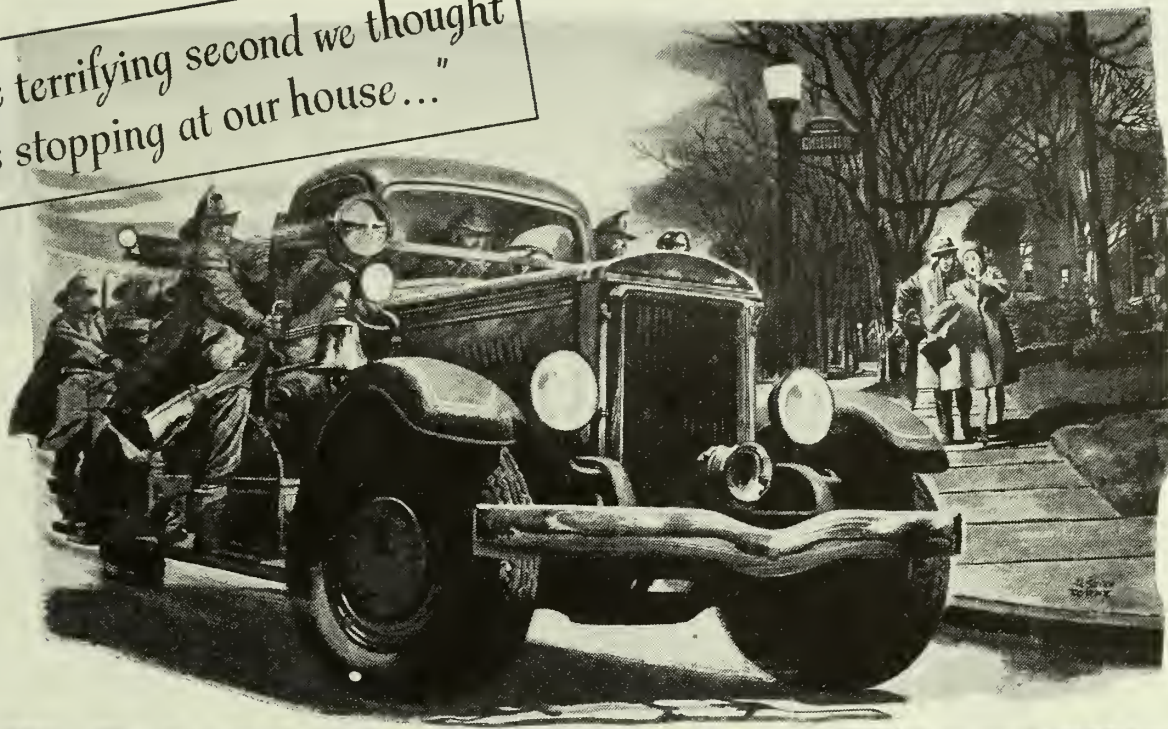
In order to win the peace, we must keep that close working partnership which was perfected in war. America and the Philippines must go forward together.

We must demonstrate to the nations of the Orient that democracy can be victorious not only in war but in peace; we must hold fast to our unity and friendship. We must work together, as we have fought together, with all our strength and determination, so that never again need American boys die on the islands of the Pacific or on the shores of Asia, so that the peace for which we have sacrificed so much will last forever, throughout the whole world.



"I seem to have some sort of chassis problem"

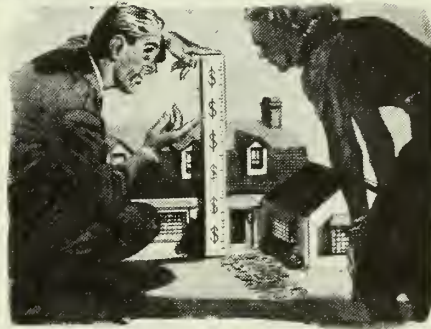
"For one terrifying second we thought it was stopping at our house..."



1 "Thank goodness, it wasn't our place this time! For one terrifying second we thought it was stopping at our house. It wasn't but it was near—right down our street—and it started us thinking..."



2 Seeing it happen so close to home, made us both wonder what we'd stand to lose if our house went up in smoke. My wife and I took a quick checkup of our possessions that night..."



3 For the first time in years we measured our home in dollars and cents—and what a shock! Our fire insurance would *never* cover what we would have to pay for replacements at *today's* prices."

A man doesn't think much about his fire insurance until a scare like this sets him wondering. And then if he's smart he wonders—or else his wife does it for him—whether his fire insurance is sufficient to cover today's increased values.

Your insurance man has the answer to that one. He'll tell you that values and replacement costs on your home and furnishings are nearly one-half again as much more than they were ten years ago.

He'll also give you the welcome word that while most things have gone up, the cost of fire insurance has actually been *reduced* 40% since 1915.

And, by the way—if your home and its contents are not protected against losses by Windstorm, Hail, Riot, Aircraft, Vehicles or Explosion (except steam boiler) you can add this extended coverage to your present fire policy. Ask your Agent or Broker about this.

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792, oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company, heads the North America Companies which write practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Casualty and Accident insurance through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.



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More than just another screw-stem, VanRoy Ajustomatic is a totally new kind of pipe. New—because the stem is "float-mounted"—accurately lines up with the bowl as straight as a die every time. • The patented Ajustomatic stem can be turned as often as you like—it will never lock at an off angle. And you get this care-free alignment for the life of the pipe. • Give yourself the satisfaction of owning this latest—and greatest—VanRoy achievement in pipes.

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Bill O'Malley

COCONUTS

(Continued from page 29)

Maybe training camps have this in mind with their bowling courses. Maybe they don't. But they certainly do have top-notch alleys at the larger army and navy stations. Farragut, Idaho, that huge spawning bed for rookie seamen, had more than 100 alleys in operation. Former tournament shots teach the gobs how to throw the right hooks and slices of the game.

These servicemen who learn the game in training station alleys and practice it on such strange alleys as the sand flats used by that marine gang will find themselves smack in the middle of the biggest bowling boom in sports history. Bowling already claims more participants than any other indoor sport, yet it expects to blossom to the point where 25,000,000 Americans take their exercise on the alleys.

The war itself had chipped in to help this anticipated boom. Boys who never had a chance to bowl before took training in huge camps decked out with alleys and instructors.

Besides the service alleys, the war even fathered some new gadgets for post-war bowling blueprint. A mineral coating invented to surface Mosquito bomber bodies will be used to coat alleys very shortly. This super-coating will give alleys more "mileage," besides giving balls more "miles-per-hour."

Although the coating will improve the game, it is a minor switch compared to others ready for post-war production. In

fact, excepting for robot bowlers the sport has succumbed to the new-fangled machine age.

The most radical invention now being adopted is the automatic pinsetter. This machine already has been approved by the sport's ruling body, the American Bowling Congress, now celebrating its golden anniversary. It eliminates that oldest evil of the game, the wise-talking pin boys who shoot craps or play cards while flustered bowlers wait for pins to be racked.

Besides the mechanical pinsetter, an electric-eye foundicator stands as one of the sport's most practical "secret weapons" for post-war athletic warfare. Working on the electric-eye theory, this gadget automatically calls all line and alley bed fouls.

Alley proprietors have combined to blueprint post-war buildings with a "two-way stretch." The roofing on alleys will be made to roll back during the summer. These "zipper" ceilings will convert many rugged sportsmen who like nothing that is not a sunshine sport.

Besides the open-hatched alley buildings, all large-city arenas will be completely air-conditioned. More spectator room also will be built into these alleys so that matches between such national stars as Buddy Bormar of Chicago and Ned Day of West Allis, Wis., can be self-supporting.

Even balls will be different in this booming bowling market. To lend a technicolor atmosphere to streamlined alleys, owners plan to order red, green and yellow bowling balls.

Prize money should keep pace with these

"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the

best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."



JUST
THE *kiss*

OF THE HOPS



Copy. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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No, Veteran, we wouldn't fool you. This is much too serious for fooling; it concerns your future, and our future too. Now that you're returning to civilian life you probably want to go places in business. Here is your opportunity to do just that—to write your own ticket, and to be your own boss in a field as sound as any in the country.

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We're talking about a United Motors Service franchise, under which thousands of automotive service dealers have been making good incomes and profits for years. Under such a franchise you would handle America's foremost lines of *original-equipment* parts for the country's leading motor vehicles in every price class . . . lines that are essential to the proper servicing and maintenance of *millions* of cars and trucks. A small initial investment puts you in business, and you can grow and expand through your own initiative. We'll advise you on location, and help you select a well balanced stock, and show you how to make a maximum return on your investment.

This Franchise Means a Big Opportunity

You can start out with a few lines under a United Motors franchise, then add other lines to round out your service operations as your business increases. Take a look at the "line-up" and you'll see what we mean:

Delco-Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition; Delco Batteries; Delco Hydraulic Brakes; Delco Radios; AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers; Delco Shock Absorbers; Guide Lamps; New Departure Ball Bearings; Klaxon Horns; Hyatt Roller Bearings; Harrison Radiators, Thermostats and Heaters; and Inlite Brake Lining.

If interested, fill in and mail the coupon below . . . and we'll arrange a personal interview.

NOTE: Legionnaire veterans of World War I are also urged to fill in the coupon and obtain this information in the interest of relatives or friends now serving in the armed services.

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mechanical and numerical pick-ups. Huge "bounties" for capturing national and sectional tournaments are scheduled for the sport, although prizes offered for national stakes always were heavy enough to lure anyone but a wartime butcher.

For example, the last national ABC fling, held in Columbus, Ohio, in 1942, found a total "loot" of \$250,000 split among the higher scorers. This sum looks like shucked peanuts alongside the anticipated \$450,000 tournament discussed for the coming year.

These big-money tournaments will fan the play of the common or garden variety shooter who hopes for little more than a loving cup for winning his church league tournament. These smaller church and industrial leagues will keep right on increasing.

Gaining more bowling converts are the high school and college conferences. High school credits are given in some towns, while Minnesota, Purdue, Wisconsin and other large universities own and operate alleys and meet traditional college athletic foes.

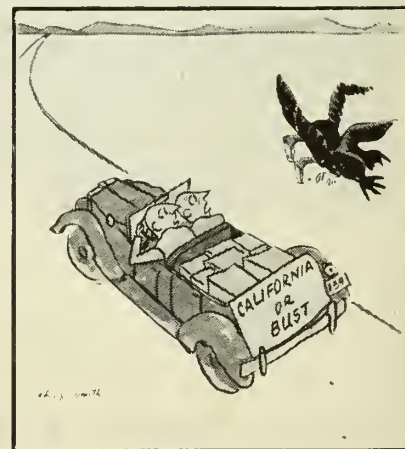
It is a church sport. It is a school sport. And now bowling has become a family sport, where Dad takes mother and the kids out for an evening at the alleys.

Alleys and equipment have nursed these situations along. All alleys are respectable these days. And equipment manufacturers, always looking for an extra nickel, have planned the changes to keep improving alleys.

Despite its current ranking as the top indoor sport, bowling is serious about running its numbers to 25,000,000. Success is habit-forming.

And helping this success along the post-war athletic highways are guys like those combat marines who wanted to bowl so badly that they threw hair coconuts down sand beaches at nothing more artistic than driftwood pins.

EDITOR'S NOTE—PFC Joe Wilman, whose home is in Berwyn, Ill., was three times Chicago all-events champion, and won the Illinois and mid-western singles titles. In national competition, he captained the Budweiser team that won the 1942 ABC title.



FOO MYSTERY

(Continued from page 9)

Or, gets shot down himself, for the Germans operate their aircraft in much the same way we did, and so did the Japanese.

Lt. Schlueter was flying low enough so that he could detect the white steam of a blacked-out locomotive or the sinister bulk of a motor convoy, but he had to avoid smokestacks, barrage balloons, enemy searchlights, and flak batteries. He and Ringwald were on the alert, for there were mountains nearby. The inside of the plane was dark, for good night vision.

Lt. Ringwald said, "I wonder what those lights are, over there in the hills."

"Probably stars," said Schlueter, knowing from long experience that the size and character of lights are hard to estimate at night.

"No, I don't think so."

"Are you sure it's no reflection from us?"

"I'm positive."

Then Ringwald remembered—there weren't any hills over there. Yet the "lights" were still glowing—eight or ten of them in a row—orange balls of fire moving through the air at a terrific speed.

Then Schlueter saw them far off his left wing. Were enemy fighters pursuing him? He immediately checked by radio with Allied ground radar stations.

"Nobody up there but yourself," they reported. "Are you crazy?"

And no enemy plane showed in Lt. Meiers' radar.

Lt. Schlueter didn't know what he was facing—possibly some new and lethal German weapon—but he turned into the lights, ready for action. The lights disappeared—then reappeared far off. Five minutes later they went into a flat glide and vanished.

The puzzled airmen continued on their mission, and destroyed seven freight trains behind German lines. When they landed back at Dijon, they decided to do what any other prudent soldier would do—keep quiet for the moment. If you tried to explain everything strange that happened in a war, you'd do nothing else. Further, Schlueter and Meiers had nearly completed their required missions, and didn't want to



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THE MEN WHO WON'T HEAR "NO"!

They're in a class by themselves—these men who "won't hear 'NO'!" Some are born that way some are made—but perhaps the highest type of Tomorrow's Successful Men will be those who learned the art in the crucible of war.

The serviceman who at the order to advance has refused to hear the inward "no" that would make a coward of him, needs never again to fear the common "refusals" in civilian business life. This is not a theory. It is the universal *experience* of successful insurance men, veterans of twenty years ago.

Today, for returning veterans, the insurance business provides even greater opportunities. Never before—especially in Allstate's insurance for motorists—have there been offered such attractive rates, terms, benefits, to win car owners' dollars, and line the pockets of Allstate fieldmen.

For the earnest worker with immediate needs, few opportunities can offer so much. And for the long pull, there are few means of livelihood that can match it. With each new prospect sold comes an almost complete certainty that this new client is still another source of permanently renewing income. Particularly is this true of Companies such as Allstate, the automobile insurance company organized by Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Applications are now being received for the position of fieldmen. (We can also use some claim adjusters if any of you are interested in that line of work.) The fieldmen chosen will be trained and assisted by territorial managers. Rewards should be prompt and satisfying. Many beginning now when automobiles are getting into production, will ultimately retire in excellent circumstances. For information, address:

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chance being grounded by some skeptical flight surgeon for "combat fatigue."

Maybe they *had* been "seeing things."

But a few nights later, Lt. Henry Giblin, of Santa Rosa, California, pilot, and Lt. Walter Cleary, of Worcester, Massachusetts, radar-observer, were flying at 1,000 feet altitude when they saw a huge red light 1,000 feet above them, moving at 200 miles per hour. As the observation was made on an early winter evening, the men decided that perhaps they had eaten something at chow that didn't agree with them and did not rush to report their experience.

On December 22-23, 1944, another 415th night fighter squadron pilot and radar-observer were flying at 10,000 feet altitude near Hagenau. "At 0600 hours we saw two lights climbing toward us from the ground. Upon reaching our altitude, they leveled off and stayed on my tail. The lights appeared to be large orange glows. After staying with the plane for two minutes, they peeled off and turned away, flying under perfect control, and then went out."

The next night the same two men, flying at 10,000 feet, observed a single red flame. Lt. David L. McFalls, of Cliffside, N. C., pilot, and Lt. Ned Baker of Hemat, California, radar-observer, also saw: "A glowing red object shooting straight up, which suddenly changed to a view of an aircraft doing a wing-over, going into a dive and disappearing." This was the first and only suggestion of a controlled flying device.

By this time, the lights were reported by all members of the 415th who saw them. Most men poked fun at the observers, until they saw for themselves. Although confronted with a baffling situation, and one with lethal potentialities, the 415th continued its remarkable combat record. When the writer of this article visited and talked with them in Germany, he was impressed with the obvious fact that the 415th fliers were very normal airmen, whose primary interest was combat, and after that came pin-up girls, poker, doughnuts, and the derivatives of the grape.

The 415th had a splendid record.

The whole outfit took the mysterious lights or balls of fire with a sense of humor. Their reports were received in some higher quarters with smiles: "Sure, you must have seen something, and have you been getting enough sleep?" One day at chow a 415th pilot suggested that they give the lights a name. A reader of the comic strip "Smokey Stover" suggested that they be called "foo-fighters," since it was frequently and irrefutably stated in that strip that "Where there's foo, there's fire."

The name stuck.

What the 415th saw at night was borne out in part by day. West of Neustadt, a P-47 pilot saw "a gold-colored ball, with a metallic finish, which appeared to be moving slowly through the air. As the sun was low, it was impossible to tell whether the sun reflected off it, or the light came from within." Another P-47 pilot reported "a phosphorescent golden sphere, 3 to 5 feet in diameter, flying at 2,000 feet."

Meanwhile, official reports of the "foo-fighters" had gone to group headquarters and were "noted." Now in the Army, when you "note" anything it means that you neither agree nor disagree, nor do you intend to do anything about it. It covers everything. Various explanations were offered for the phenomena—none of them satisfactory, and most of them irritating to the 415th.

It was said that the foo-fighters might be a new kind of flare.

A flare, said the 415th, does not dive, peel off, or turn.

Were they to frighten or confuse Allied pilots?

Well, if so, they were not succeeding—and yet the lights continued to appear.

Eighth Air Force bomber crews had reported seeing silver-colored spheres resembling huge Christmas tree ornaments in the sky—what about them?

Well, the silver spheres usually floated, and never followed a plane. They were presumably some idea the Germans tried in



"Oh, pardon me. I'm looking for my sidewalk"

Runway in England— (or Piqua, Ohio)



"WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER, they are going to erect, on the far point of the longest runway here, where it points directly out to the North Sea, a memorial tower of some sort in stone. It will have on it the names of men, citizens from every part of America, who skimmed off this green plateau and set course along the river-valleys. It will record the missions, the honors, the deaths of some of the elite among you, the American people.

"The wind will blow in wintertime straight from Spitzbergen down the eastern flatlands and the wild swans will set their course along the river as they have done for centuries. The small boys who now plague the life out of every G I with the aggravating question, 'Got any gum, chum?' will be grown into men, driving new cars up and down the hills where my grandfather and I drove in the buggy. The American flag will no longer wave on the hill. But the memorial will be there."*

Runways and air parks are being built throughout America today — runways from which no bird of war shall rise — and soon almost every community will boast an airport

of its own. *A memorial airport?* Why not? A memorial of great practical value but with its suitable granite shaft inscribed with the names of all who served that *that* runway might give flight to the wings of peace.

To Mayors and Civic Officials — If you are charged with the choice of a suitable monument of commemoration, send for our new brochure, "War Memorial Ideas" — designs which have won the latest World War II memorial design contest. And remember, from the simplest private monument to the greatest civic memorial — look for the dealer who offers a monument inscribed with a Barre Guild Seal and backed by a Barre Guild Certificate. These are guarantees of quality assured by the Barre Granite Association, located in Barre, Vermont, "The Granite Center of the World." Select Barre Granite is distinguished by an innate hardness that weathers the years *cleanly*, retaining like new the superb *vitality* of this world-famous stone.

* From "My Grandfather's Farm" by Squadron Leader H. E. Bates. Reprinted from "This Week" Magazine. Copyright 1944 by the U. N. M. C.



"Time will not dim the glory of their deeds," is the perfect comment cut on this dramatic monument near Thiacourt, France, commemorating the capture of the St. Mihiel Salient, World War I.

SINCE time immemorial, the human mind has found strength and wisdom for the future in remembering the greatness of the past. The question is not whether we shall remember the great truths which bitter war has taught us. Rather: how shall we remember? One thing is sure: you do not dance on a grave. There, laughter is stilled and voices quiet. Parks and playing-fields, memorial bridges and airports may well be a part of commemoration plans. But somewhere, either as the focussing point of these plans or standing separately, let there be a shrine of timeless, indestructible beauty where the inspiration of our heroic war dead may be deeply and quietly felt.

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the unsuccessful effort to confuse our pilots or hinder our radar bombing devices.

What about jet planes?
No, the Germans had jet planes all right, but they didn't have an exhaust flame visible at any distance.

Could they be flying bombs of some sort, either with or without a pilot? Presumably not—with but one exception no one thought he observed a wing or fuselage.

Weather balloons?
No, the 415th was well aware of their behavior. They ascended almost vertically, and eventually burst.

Could the lights or balls of fire be the red, blue, and orange colored flak bursts that Eighth Air Force bomber crews had reported?

It was a nice idea, said the 415th, but there was no correlation between the foo-fighters they observed and the flak they encountered. And night flak was usually directed by German radar, not visually.

In short, no explanation stood up.

On Dec. 31, 1944, AP reporter Bob Wilson, was with the 415th and heard about the foo-fighters. He questioned the men until 4 a.m. in the best newspaper tradition until he got all the facts. His story passed the censors, and appeared in American newspapers on January 1, 1945, just in time to meet the customary crop of annual hangovers.

Some scientists in New York decided, apparently by remote control, that what the airmen had seen in Germany was St. Elmo's light—a well-known electrical phenomenon appearing like light or flame during stormy weather at the tips of church steeples, ships' masts, and tall trees. Being in the nature of an electrical discharge, St. Elmo's fire is reddish when positive, and blueish when negative.

The 415th blew up. It was thoroughly acquainted with St. Elmo's fire. The men snorted, "Just let the sons come over and fly a mission with us. We'll show 'em."

Through January, 1945, the 415th continued to see the "foo-fighters," and their conduct became increasingly mysterious. One aircrew observed lights, moving both singly and in pairs. On another occasion, three sets of lights, this time red and white

The \$11 billion Victory Loan ends December 8th.
Let's buy bonds, and do our share toward making the huge rehabilitation task easier.

in color, followed a plane, and when the plane suddenly pulled up, the lights continued on in the same direction, as though caught napping, and then sheepishly pulled up to follow.

The pilot checked with ground radar—he was alone in the sky.

This was true in every instance foo-fighters were observed.

The first real clue came with the last appearance of the exasperating and potentially deadly lights. They never kept the 415th from fulfilling its missions, but they certainly were unnerving. The last time the foo-fighters appeared, the pilot turned into them at the earliest possible moment—and the lights disappeared. The pilot was sure that he felt prop wash, but when he checked with ground radar, there was no other airplane.

The pilot continued on his way, perturbed, even angry—when he noticed the lights far to the rear. The night was clear, and the pilot was approaching a huge cloud. Once in the cloud, he dropped down two thousand feet and made a 30 degree left turn. Just a few seconds later he emerged from the cloud—with his eye peeled to the rear. Sure enough, coming out of the cloud in the same relative position was the foo-fighter, as though to thumb its nose at the pilot, and then disappear.

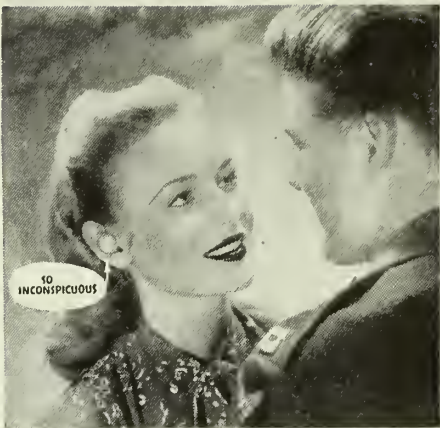
This was the last time the foo-fighters were seen in Germany, although it would have seemed fitting, if the lights had made one last gesture, grouping themselves so as to spell "Guess What" in the sky, and then vanishing forever.

But they didn't.

The foo-fighters simply disappeared when Allied ground forces captured the area East of the Rhine. This was known to be the location of many German experimental stations. Since V-E day our Intelligence officers have put many such installations under guard. From them we hope to get valuable research information—including the solution to the foo-fighter mystery, but it has not appeared yet. It may be successfully hidden for years to come, possibly forever.

The members of the 415th hope that Army Intelligence will find the answer. If it turns out that the Germans never had anything airborne in the area, they say, "We'll be all set for Section Eight psychiatric discharges."

Meanwhile, the foo-fighter mystery continues unsolved. The lights, or balls of fire, appeared and disappeared on the other side of the world, over Japan—and your guess as to what they were is just as good as mine, for nobody really knows.



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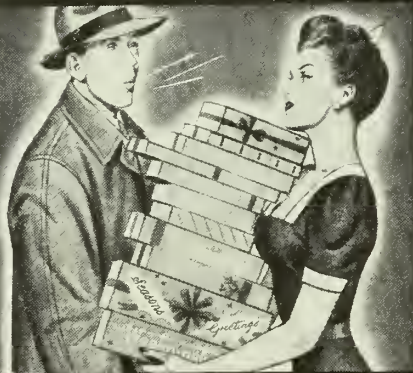
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FANTASTIC RADAR

(Continued from page 32)

NIGHTFIGHTING—the Allied way—figured heavily in demoralization of the enemy's air forces. It was radar from beginning to end, and it demanded a high degree of teamwork between the radar controller who directed the nightfighter from his ground station and the pilot and radar operator in the air. Sometimes it incorporated a high degree of teamwork between Allied air forces.

On the night of 25 November 1944, Lt. Harrington was over Germany. He was an AAF pilot attached to an RCAF night-fighter squadron flying an RAF Mosquito fitted with an AI (aircraft interception) radar set manufactured in New York. His radar operator was a Canadian. Ordinarily a nightfighter team might fly a whole string of patrols without encountering a bandit, but this night the hunting was good.

At 0113 the controller radioed that he had sighted a suspect on his radar screen. He directed Lt. Harrington to the scene. Close up the AI took over until they were able to get a visual. It was a JU-88. Lumbering along, it was an easy mark for the .50 cal. machine gun bullets that pierced its wings and sent it diving groundward. A second Nazi bomber was picked up near the scene and was attacked. Orange flames shot in every direction and it spun lazily. Lt. Harrington and his radar operator were ready to call it a night when they picked up their third contact. It turned out to be another Stuka. This one tried all the evasion it could muster, but the Mosquito, aided by its AI radar, clung close. At 0129 the bandit exploded and fell, the third to go down in 16 minutes.

TWO GIANT CARRIERS and their destroyer escorts almost collided off Hawaii recently. Shipborne radar saved the day. How it did reveals how other ocean-going vessels will be warned of ships, icebergs, reefs, islands and other maritime dangers

in days to come.

Below decks in the CIC (Combat Intelligence Center) of one of the carriers a radar operator studied the PPI, keeping tabs on the three destroyer escorts hovering about. The room was crowded with men and radar apparatus. On the screen—a round illuminated 24-inch glass called a scope—all three showed bright and clear.

At 2226 the radar man noted something new. Three purple blobs had crept into the perimeter of the scope and slowly approached the center. One of them, though it was not suspected at the time, was another aircraft carrier. The two smaller ones were its escorts. All three were rapidly closing in on a head-on collision course. If they kept coming they would steam into the very carrier on which the radar doing the seeing was installed.

CIC, once it had appraised the situation, shot a warning to the Officer-of-the-Deck. The OOD called the Captain, who took one look at the radar scope and promptly ordered an emergency turn nine.

At 2255 the oncoming carrier and her escorts crossed the spot where, in the darkness of the night, the two groups would have met. Only now there was a mile to spare.

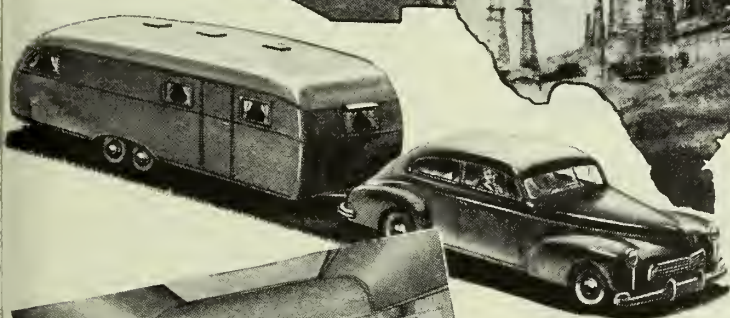
IN 1945, during the Luzon campaign, a portable radar station on the ground teamed up with two radar-equipped P-61s in the air to bring down three planeloads of high-ranking Japanese officers.

The ground station was hidden in the heart of Jap-held Luzon some 100 miles from the nearest U. S. Army base. In air-to-ground talk it was called Hotspot. It had been flown in, along with three officers, 33 men, two jeeps and supplies, after 2000 guerrillas had hacked out a 2500 foot clearing in the wilderness. Its job was to keep an eye on a busy enemy airstrip operating some 25 miles away.

Hotspot had plenty to do. It spotted daylight raiders sneaking out of the airstrip to bomb and strafe distant U. S. fields,



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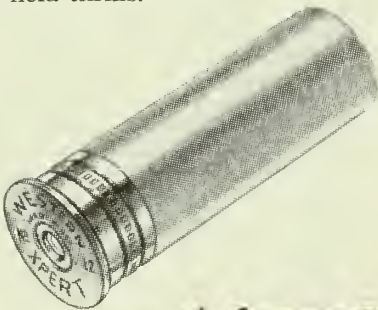
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then warned fighter control at Laoag in time to arrange a welcoming reception. But at night, when the Jap planes were expected to stay grounded, it made a puzzling observation. At twilight, night after night, blobs of white indicating enemy planes would show up on the round screen. Guerilla scouts were sent out and came back with the information that they were big courier transports loaded with military big-wigs. They would taxi in, gas up and take off again.

So late one afternoon two P-61 night-fighters, fitted with AI (Aircraft Interception) radar, took off from Lingayen Air Field 150 miles westward. Once within Hot-spot's range they circled until the ground set saw the prey. Then the chase started. The Black Widows took orders from Hot-spot until their own AI made the contact. Close up the Jap transport discovered them and went through a sequence of violent evasion tactics, but the AIs held on. The P-61s opened fire. After a few bursts the transport caught fire and exploded, debris filling the sky.

That was the first kill. The enemy didn't catch on to what was happening for a long time. In the meanwhile more courier transports were destroyed.

WHEN the strategic air forces, U. S. and British, started raining bombs on Germany they were met by intense ack-ack and swarms of fighters. There was no doubt but that efficient Nazi ground radar—early warning and fire control—were making the missions costly. The Allies' job was to find something that would neutralize the enemy's radar. One of the answers was Window, strips of metallic paper which, cut to a specified size and thrown in quantity from a plane, created an echo or a whole

flock of echoes on the radar screen. These tended to confuse the radar operator.

First the Germans, then the Japs, used it on their own to jam Allied radars. But it worked best for the Allies through the balance of the war and continued to be dropped in great quantities.

"EITHER get me down or shoot me down," pleaded the pilot of a B-29 circling over Iwo Jima.

The field was fogged-in, and a new piece of radar equipment called GCA (Ground Control Approach) was attempting to bring in its first Superfort. But it was having a hell of a time. Three tries had been made. Then came the fourth and last, for the gas was almost gone. Step by step, here is how radar landed its first B-29 at Iwo.

0830: The weather was closing in. A call was received from Pluto, a B-29, lost some 70 miles north. It wanted headings to bring it over the field.

0857: Pluto was observed on PPI scope approaching the field.

0920: GCA was authorized to assist Pluto, although it had never worked with anything but P-51s before. Meanwhile Pluto kept circling, waiting to see if weather improved.

0945: Weather was worse. Pluto was sent on a north heading 30 miles, then turned fieldward preparatory to a GCA landing.

1010: The GCA traffic director called Pluto and issued heading and altitude instructions. Effective ceiling was down to 100 feet and visibility to under a mile. Strong crosswinds and turbulence, especially in the vicinity of Suribachi, kept the controller from lining up Pluto properly with the runway. The first three runs were unsuccessful. Coming back for the fourth time the pilot said, "Either get me down or shoot me down. There isn't gas enough for another try." A moment later, guided by the controller, it broke through the ceiling 75 feet to the left of the center line of the runway. The heading was corrected for a neat touchdown.

This was one B-29's introduction to CGA. By now hundreds of others have used it, too, and the procedure is now becoming standard at military and civilian airfields.



"I see you made the National Geographic last month"



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DALY DOUBLE

(Continued from page 11)

membership. Later they made him a Post Vice Commander.

That's the script. Like to meet the players? Walk up a gravel drive to the big, white house. The rubbled misery of war seems a million miles away until you pause to remember that it is this house and seven million like it that America thanks for victory.

Blonde Mrs. Daly answers your knock, smiling, gracious. Three times these past 18 months she has opened that door to receive a yellow slip of paper saying: "The War Department regrets . . ." Now the cruel months of anxiety are ended. Her men are home. She smiles and invites you into the library.

Colonel Daly rises from the couch. He shouldn't, for he is convalescing from a wound. The Colonel says really, there isn't any story in him. Mike is the boy. He'll be home in a few minutes. You ask about the fruit salad spread across his blouse. He talks reluctantly; later, Mrs. Daly fills in the blanks.

Turn back the clock. The Colonel has busted out of West Point, as young Mike will one day do. He sweats out the first Plattsburg OTC for his commission and reports to the 18th Infantry.

Now it's July 21, 1918. Hell has broken loose on the Soissons road—the Second Battle of Château-Thierry. In the next four days, 2,213 Americans will die and 6,247 fall wounded. Lt. Paul Daly and his company jump off on a push of six everlasting miles. When a thin line of infantry drives the Hun from Buzancy, seven miles from Soissons, Daly is commanding a battalion. Next day, 26-year-old 1st Lt. Daly is a major. Honors flood upon him: the D.S.C., Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre.

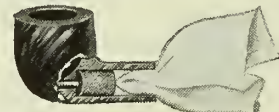
Paul Daly, thrice-wounded and a hero, returns home, marries, settles down to horsemanship, to practicing law and bringing up four stout sons and three pretty




"O'Leary hasn't dropped a ball since he took the advice of the boys in the bleachers"



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daughters. And joins The American Legion.

Again America goes to war. Washington phones Paul Daly, offers to restore his majority. Like many another old war horse, he snaps at the chance. His record wins a waiver when he fails his physical. In January, 1942, Maj. Paul Daly returns to active duty. He joins the 164th Infantry in New Caledonia, then wins intelligence and command assignments on Guadalcanal which earn him the Legion of Merit.

Home again, Paul Daly receives a second physical waiver to rejoin Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch, this time in Europe. Daly serves as 7th Army Co-Ordinator of Strategic Services, takes over the 65th (Puerto Rican) Infantry, finally returns to combat commanding the 398th Infantry. A mortar fragment chops him down less than two weeks later at Biche. That's the senior half of the Daly Double.

Now meet young Mike, who just entered the room. He's tall, husky voiced from the slug which smashed his jaws and slashed his palate, still 30 pounds under the 200 his six feet four inches usually carry, despite continuing good care at Cushing General Hospital, Framingham, Mass. Just 20 years old. So handsome that when, in a V-J night speech, he began a self-deprecating sentence, "Take me, for instance . . .", the bobby-soxers broke up the proceedings with a chorused sigh, "We will, Mike, Oh, we will."

Mike sits down beside you on the couch. He's different, as sharp a contrast to the fighting Irishman of legend as could be imagined. In the cryptic language of a combat man, he tells his incredible story.

It was 4 P.M., June 15, 1944, just nine days after the assault landing on Normandy. Co. I was in a defensive position with Pvt. Mike Daly and his Browning automatic on OP. Mortar and artillery shells began crunching, moving nearer, a rolling barrage. That spelt counter-attack. Mike moved further out, hunting a spot with good observation.

"I was behind a tree," he recalls. "The mortars didn't get me. I could see green uniforms coming nearer. It looked like a

company-strength deal. When they were 200 yards away, I let them have it. Got 10 or 12. That broke them up. My own gang came on up and everything was OK."

"Prompt and gallant action in the face of heavy enemy fire . . . in the highest traditions of the service," read the Silver Star citation. Score one for Iron Mike.

Then came the grueling plunge across France . . . riding a captured horse for a day until the Battalion C.O. barked . . . escaping when rifle grenades killed the two men directly in front and behind him . . . promotion to PFC . . . learning he was in for a field commission.

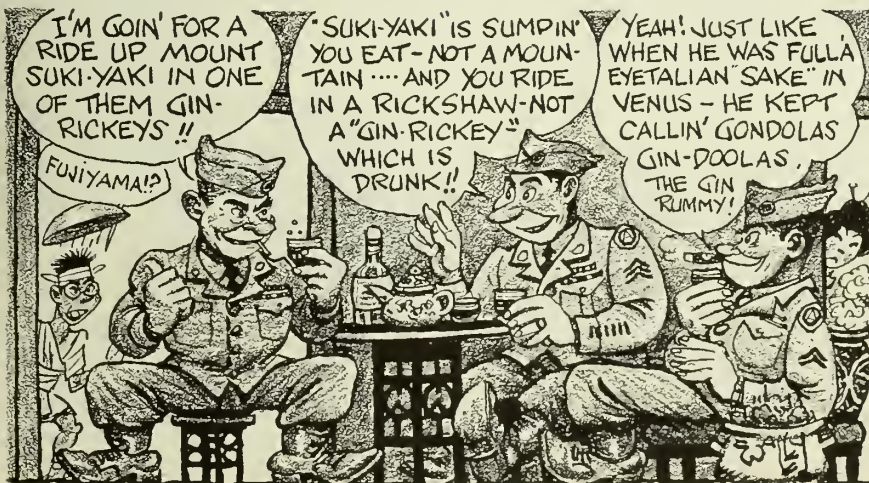
At Aachen that chapter ended. A jagged mortar fragment tore through his leg. Iron Mike was evacuated to England. The telegraph boy made his first visit to the big, white house.

He was well—and his father had just been wounded—when orders arrived. Big-hearted Sandy Patch directed that young Mike report to 7th Army headquarters, Epinal, France, where Colonel Daly was hospitalized.

When they met, the two men were at first silent. Finally, the colonel remarked that since the commission had come through, Mike could use a few things. He gave his son a uniform and his treasured pistol, a big Colt .45 which had been the prize in a charger race. Mike needed bars, too, and a nurse offered hers. Then Iron Mike headed for his new outfit—Co. A, 15th Infantry Regiment, Third "Rock of the Marne" Division, tested in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Anzio, and the Riviera landings; then with the 7th Army north of the Moselle in the wet forests where every shell was a tree burst and mine trip-wires laced the woodland paths.

A month later—Jan. 25, 1945—Lt. Mike Daly's platoon was ordered to destroy a strongpoint near wooded Maison Rouge. At the head of 24 men, Iron Mike sprinted 300 yards through bursting shells and snarling machine gun slugs. A snap shot at 30 yards killed the German machine gunner.

For gallantry in action he received an Oak Leaf Cluster to his Silver Star.



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Then came the Wehrmacht's vicious diversionary thrust against the thinly spread 7th Army. Able Company had been in the line two months—60 days, 1,440 hours. The order: Attack.

The place is south of Beisheim. Mike's platoon, moving up, finds 15 krauts on its flank. The record says that Lt. Mike Daly stood upright in the center of the road, drawing all enemy fire while his men dived back. Fanning a big .45 Colt like a Western badman, he knocked down kraut sharpshooters before they could draw a bead.

Next day Mike's platoon was ordered up again. The company commander was down and Mike in command. He leaped out in front, grappled with a German, shot him dead with the Colt. Hand to hand, Able Company fought the Germans; pressed them inside their stone wall perimeter, back into the house itself. The Germans shouted "Kamerad!" Nine were dead, six wounded, nine prisoners.

They gave him a second cluster to the Silver Star. Score three for Iron Mike. And the men with the Combat Infantry Badges asked one another what the hell Daly had to do for a D.S.C. or the big one, anyway? They found out soon, at Nuernberg. In Mike's words:

"This was Germany, bombed to hell, beat up worse than anything I've ever seen. I'd had my silver bar a month. We were disgusted—it was always A Company, A Company. For two months we'd been in the line, going like hell, pushing through road blocks. This was the first tough one for a long time. They were tearing us with flat trajectory 88's.

"We were attacking again, moving down the suburban streets, ducking from doorway to doorway while a machine gun in a wrecked bridge up ahead chopped at us. I broke into the open and got real lucky with the carbine, knocking down the machine gunners at 50 yards.

"I waded to the company. We moved

on into a kraut anti-tank patrol which was loaded with bazookas and burp pistols. They figured their machine was up ahead and got careless. I ducked down so only my head was showing through a window. Got ten or twelve of them. Then, out in the open, I waved the guys on into a park up ahead.

"A bunch more of the SS fanatics had a machine gun in there kicking bullets at us. We got four of them. Then another machine gun opened up when I was only ten yards or so away. It killed my buddy, a sergeant, and a bunch of my boys. I grabbed a rifle, still lucky, and shot three or four of them. We cleaned up the woods. That's all."

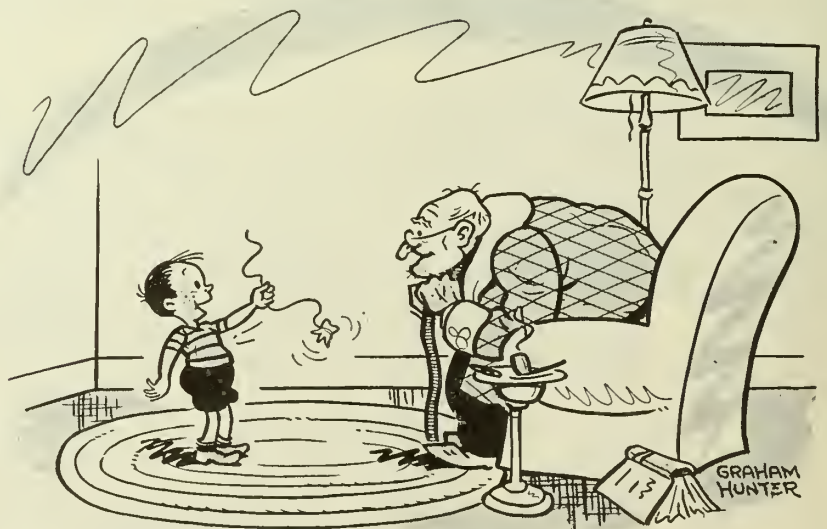
Score four for Iron Mike—the Congressional Medal of Honor, the United States' highest award to her fighting men.

Next day Mike Daly got it again. A kraut sniper let go as he passed a big, open window. The slug tore through his jaw. For 45 minutes he lay there, tongue held out so he wouldn't suffocate. The Nazis shot an aid man who tried to get to him. Finally the medics got through. "Pretty wonderful guys," Mike says. Physicians saved him with a tracheotomy.

Iron Mike came home on the white boat. There was a great day on the White House lawn when President Truman slipped the Medal of Honor over his neck. There was another one when Fairfield turned out in a wonderful hero's homecoming. But the big, white house was best of all.

"I just let him sleep late and play tennis and ride," Mrs. Daly confides when Mike isn't listening. "He's just 20 yet and not sure what he'll do. He wants to get out of the Army. Then maybe he'll farm—he talks about it some."

Iron Mike doesn't say anything. Just looks around the room, soaking up the feeling of home, happy that he held up his end of a Daly Double which paid off in record fashion for Uncle Sam.



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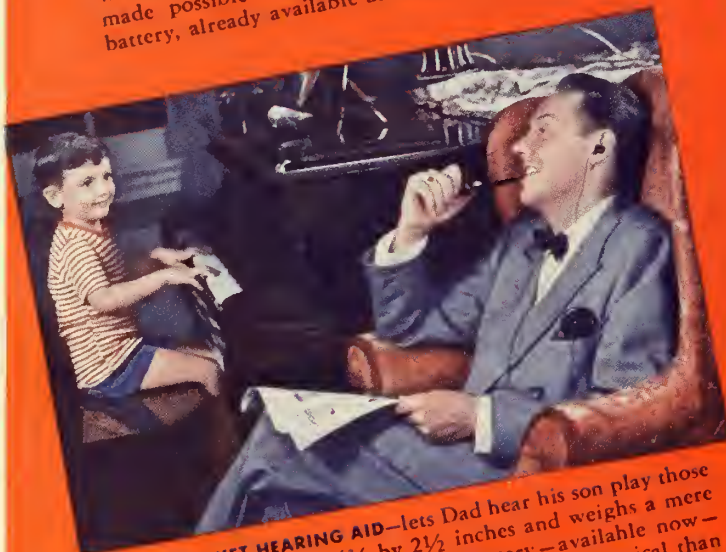
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A PASS AT EDDIE

(Continued from page 25)

stuff. The kind that smelled up basketball. His edict clearing the quick-money gents from Madison Square Garden lobby has had good results, and he has kept the ring-side and boxes clean of the gambling gentry as much as he can without hiring the entire New York police force. "It's a widespread condition that can't be completely licked," he confides, "but we'll certainly keep it down."

For three years before his appointment, Eddie Eagan was a Lieutenant Colonel in charge of the Special Services Division of the Army Transport Command and toured the globe three times. His job was to cater to morale of 150,000 men and officers of the eight Air Transport wings, and see that their teams got equipment—plenty of it. Not just boxing gloves, baseballs, bats and gloves, but items that soothed the soul and stomach—juke boxes, books by the millions, movies and refreshments. The most exciting chores he completed were the installation of an ice-making plant on a South Pacific isle and a Coca Cola dispenser in India.

A boyhood friend of Eddie's—Abe Tobin, a cowhand—drummed into him the hazards of professional fighting and the many advantages of a professional career. Apparently his advice meant something because Eddie resisted countless offers down the years to turn pro.

Eddie Eagan was born into a poor Irish family in Denver, Colorado, and his father died young, leaving a frail mother to take care of five boys. Eddie, the most aggressive and self-reliant, shifted for himself a lot. His first real job was as janitor of the telephone company in Longmont, Colo., where his family moved after his father's death.

Eddie has fought over a hundred bouts and only lost twice—by decisions. He was knocked down twice—by Jack Dempsey. A well-meaning Red Cross lady in Denver casually told him that she had arranged for him to box a newcomer, one Jack Dempsey, from Manassa, Colo. . . . After the bout was over Jack Dempsey told Eddie he was a good professional prospect, but should stick to college, a left-handed compliment if ever there was one.

After Eagan attended Denver University for a year, he enlisted in the Army in the last war. A buck private, he had a tough sergeant who disturbed him chemically. After a round of "Private Hargroves" he met the sergeant on the parade grounds and was told to disregard the chevrons. Eager Eddie sailed into him and kayoed him. "Hereafter keep your stripes on," he said as he unleashed the final buzz-bomb on the sergeant.

His commanding officer interpreted this breach of deportment as making Eddie good material for officers training school and he shipped him to Louisville, Kentucky, instead of to the guardhouse.

As a shavetail he taught artillery tactics to a Yale regiment at Camp Zachary Taylor. One day he confided to Pudge Heffelfinger, one of Yale's football greats, his own Merriwell-inspired wishes.

"Can a fellow work his way through Yale?" he asked Pudge. The husky Eli grad assured him he could, so Eddie determined to finish his college career there after the war was over.

He never got overseas during the actual fighting. In fact, it wasn't until long after the Armistice that he saw Paris, as the A. E. F.'s boxing representative in the Inter-Allied sporting games. He won the middleweight championship of the world at the games and a medal from the King



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KIWI DARK TAN

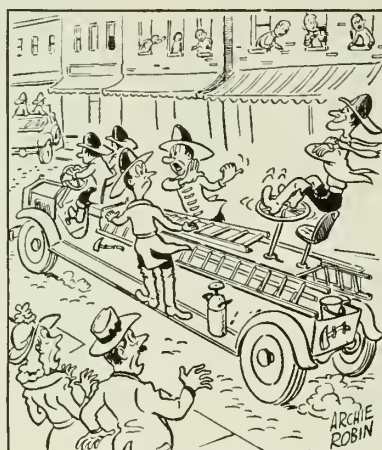
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of Montenegro which made him a full-fledged count. "Thank God, it wasn't the Count of Ten," he punned at the time.

After the war, he passed the Yale entrance requirements. He went after every letter in the athletic alphabet but never got beyond the second string football team. In boxing, as usual, he was campus champ, and was instrumental in having it made a recognized sport.

At the time when the approval of the Yale boxing team hung in the balance, several pastors opposed to pugilism as the devil's own sport looked in at the final exhibition. Forewarned, Eddie's team pranced about like aesthetic ballet dancers careful not to draw blood or knock anyone out. The pastors gave their approval of so mild a pastime and boxing became an accepted sport at Yale, thereafter.

The culmination of Eagan's boxing career came at the Olympic games of 1920 in Antwerp, Belgium. Eagan fought a series of Continental heavies until he wound up with the middleweight championship of the world. Then back to Yale for his Ph.B. and appointment to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar.

At Oxford, he caught on quickly, again using his boxing ability to establish himself as a quad favorite. He was chummy with the Marquis of Clydesdale, later Duke of Hamilton, into whose backyard Rudolf Hess dropped one day. He eventually became the champ at Oxford and headed the team which beat Cambridge. At the final battle, when he had kayoed the Cambridge heavyweight, the licked gladiator said to the referee: "I'll get up—eventually—but not until that man has left Oxford."

As a graduation gift from Oxford he received an offer from John Pirie, a wealthy American. Pirie financed a world tour for his two sons and Eddie Eagan. The Marquis of Clydesdale accompanied them most of the way, and secured entrees for Eagan into royal houses around the world. The trip was beset with excitement from the beginning. Its high spot came during a safari arranged by Martin and Osa Johnson in Africa. In a persistent effort to get a

bull elephant, Eagan wounded one, and later, when he saw it being lugged off by other elephants, he shot it again. The enraged pachyderms dropped their burden and charged straight for Eagan. Fortunately Eddie quickly found a creek and was thus able to get away uninjured.

"That was my closest call," he admits. "Although another time I shot at a rushing tiger with a gun loaded with dummies. My guide saved me that time."

While in Australia, Eddie licked the Down Under heavyweight champ. At Hong Kong, he beat Stoker Addison, heavyweight champ of the British Fleet. In Africa, the local champ backed out of a scheduled bout, forfeiting the title. And in Indo-China, he whittled a seven-foot blackamoor bully down to an ebony ember, to the screaming delight of thousands of persecuted Annamites.

Eventually, three years after he had left Oxford, Eddie Eagan arrived at Los Angeles, and delivered his two charges to their parents. Soon after, in June, 1932, he passed the bar examinations. In the same year he was a member of the bobsled team, piloted by Bill Fiske, which won the Olympic championship at Lake Placid, N. Y.

For a short time he took up with Gene Tunney, whom he greatly admired, and became his sparring partner during Tunney's prime. But finally he chucked the whole fight game and entered law. He practiced privately for a while, until he was appointed to the U. S. District Attorney's Office in New York, where he was when the Army commissioned him in 1942.

At 46, Eddie Eagan seems to have reached the apex of his career. "I couldn't imagine a better job for me to be in," he admits, in his low-pitched, finely modulated voice, neither Oxford nor Irish-accented. Mr. Eagan brings unusual class to the boxing game—he's the only Rhodes scholar ever to get to the top of the fistic heap after being an actual pug.

That should hold the boys around Jacobs Beach for a while.



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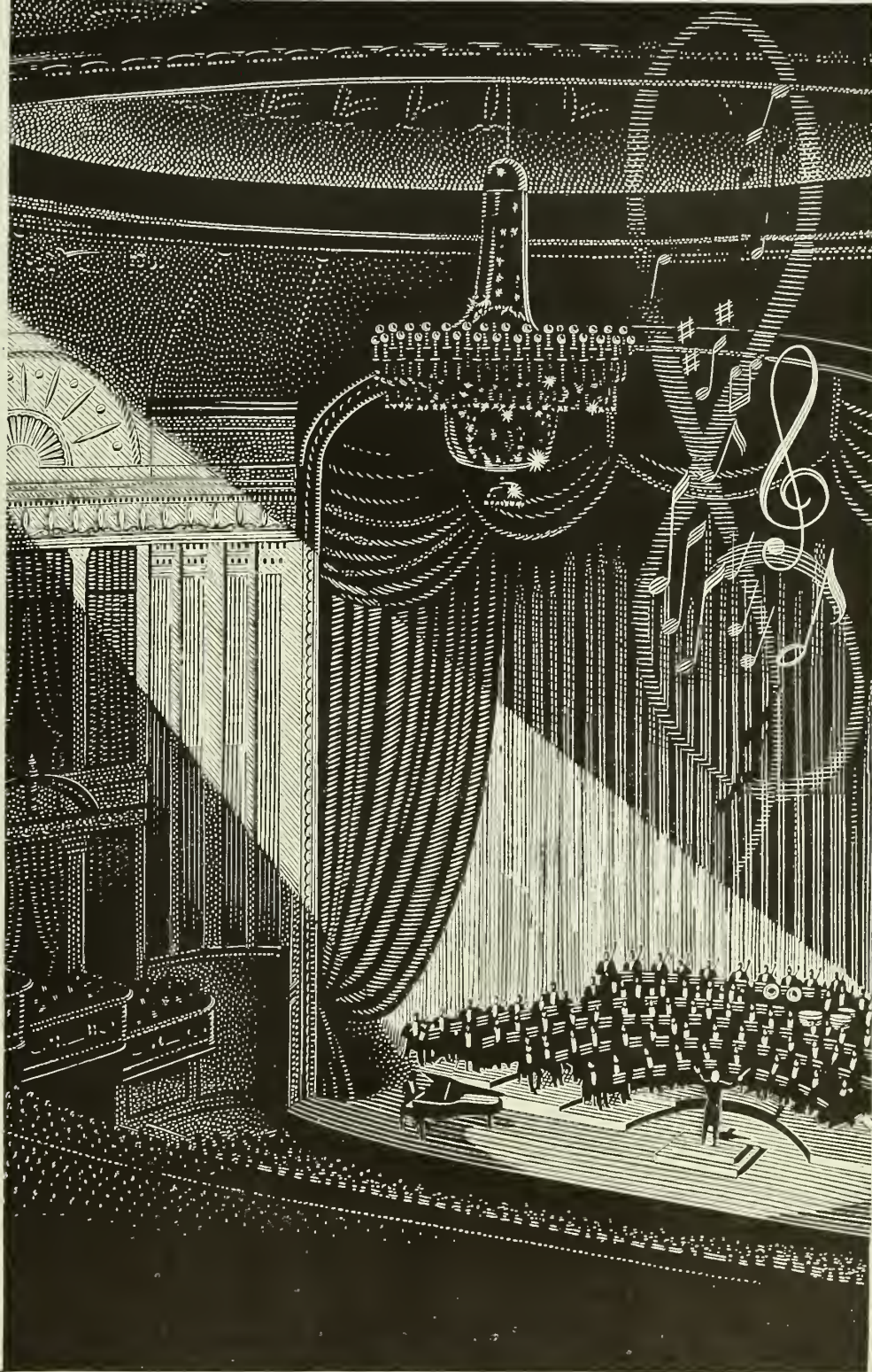
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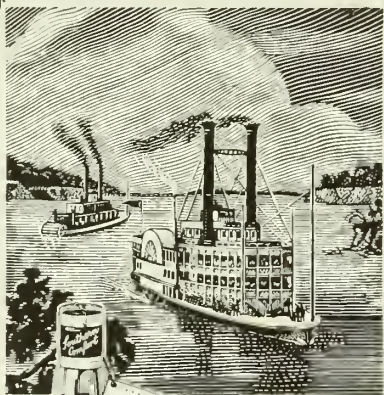
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BUILDING

(Continued from page 23)

ship scales, especially in the first year."

In other words, the entire building industry is thinking in terms of attracting veterans into their field of endeavor and will try to do everything in their power to make the going as smooth as possible.

Along this line Mr. Barney has recommended that apprenticeship programs make provision "for a careful individual investigation and consideration of veterans' claims and that each veteran be given full credit for his experience in his apprenticeship training."

Independent builders and contractors also have their lachstrings and welcome mats out to veterans.

Joseph Hehn, Jr., a well known Long Island, N. Y., builder and developer, who is familiar with conditions throughout the country, is typical of these contractors who hope veterans will come into construction work.

"We can use all the men we possibly can get in the building trades," Mr. Hehn insists. "I expect it will be at least 10 years before we catch up with building."

Labor is a greater problem to contractors than material shortages, according to Mr. Hehn.

"The skilled labor shortage is our chief headache," Mr. Hehn says. "During the 10 years of depression we didn't take on apprentices because we could hire skilled labor so cheaply. During the five years of war we couldn't get materials. The result is that for the past 15 years very few men have learned the building trades. Now we can't start building again until we get workmen."

Mr. Hehn's opinions carry especial weight because he typifies what a veteran can do if he wants to make the most of the building business. Mr. Hehn turned his World War I army-learned knowledge of building into a peacetime advantage by going into construction work. Now he heads his own company.

Another who shares the general belief that construction work is a promising postwar field for veterans is Randolph Evans, New York architect, who has been lecturing in connection with the American Institute of Architects' educational program to interest service men in the possibilities of the building industry. He told veterans in the Army Service Forces Convalescent Hospital at Camp Upton that "from present indications" the nation is on the verge of the biggest home-building boom in its history. He added that the construction field is not limited just to the building trades.

"As far as opportunities are concerned," he said, "we must bear in mind that they present themselves, not only in the mechanical trades, but also in the architectural, engineering and designing field, in the building material and equipment classifi-

cations and in real estate and development lines. Literally, millions of jobs will be available, not only for trained men, but for men willing to learn."

East, west, north and south the construction expectations are the same. Henry J. Kaiser, who ran into housing difficulties in his West Coast operations, foresees a construction-busy America. In every section of the country plans are ready for home building and private and public construction.

Although the actual number of men who will be employed in construction is problematical, the U.S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, recently published in the Monthly Labor Review:

"Execution of the postwar new-construction program will mean employment for an estimated average of 1,840,000 site workers during the first year following the end of the war, and for an estimated average of approximately 2,840,000 during the fourth and fifth years.

Construction field experts better the most optimistic government figures. They point out that the Federal Housing Administration's declaration that from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 homes must be built annually for the next 10 years to catch up with the demand, would mean employment of millions of workmen in that field of construction alone.

Of the workmen needed for such a program laborers will be in the greatest demand, according to Charles C. Center, Regional Director of the Labor Department's statistical bureau. About 45 per cent of skilled workers will be carpenters. In the semiskilled ranks about half will be truck drivers and about one-sixth will be bricklayers' and plasterers' helpers or hod carriers.

These men, if the general pattern of construction holds true, will find the greatest volume of work in city areas, although some work normally goes into every part of the country. The heaviest activity, according to Labor Market Information, is in industrial concentrations where replacements or expansions are necessary, and in fast-growing centers of population such as New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and the West Coast region. In fact, about one-half of the annual total national construction is centered in these areas.

The best workmen will be attracted to these areas of greatest activity because the competition will result in highest wages. This competition will extend through all classifications.

Non-professional workers generally enjoy a high hourly wage but a low annual income because of seasonal changes. These differences vary according to the climatic conditions in the various sections of the country and to the type of work. Seasonal influences definitely hamper painting more than plumbing or heating work, for instance. There is a definite move in progress, how-

ever, to try to correct the seasonal loss and raise the annual income.

The average hourly wage rates for building trades workers is in the process of being raised. As no current figures are available, July 1, 1944, averages must be used as a basis. The average hourly wage rates for journeymen workers in 75 cities then was \$1.59; for helpers and laborers, \$0.939.

During the same period the journeyman average, according to city and population groups, showed hourly wage averages of \$1.691 where the population was more than 1,000,000; \$1.617 from 500,000 to 1,000,000; \$1.504 from 250,000 to 500,000; \$1.415 from 100,000 to 250,000; and \$1.366 from 40,000 to 100,000. Helpers' and laborers' averages in these same population categories were \$1.053; \$0.997; \$0.826; \$0.844 and \$0.757.

Bricklayers had the highest average for the journeymen trades with \$1.814; elevator constructors were next with \$1.726. Boilermakers, electricians and plasterers had average rates above \$1.70 per hour and 11 other trades exceeded the journeyman average of \$1.59. The composition roofers' average of \$1.44 was the lowest.

In certain parts of the South the scheduled workweek goes up to 60 hours, while on the West Coast the workweek now averages 48 hours. Hours worked in excess of 40 per week have been paid at time-and-a-half rates but these figures may be subject to considerable revision.

Where the work is organized the construction field is covered almost exclusively by the A. F. of L. unions along craft lines, with separate unions for bricklayers, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, lathers, machinists, sheet-metal workers, stonecutters, etc. The CIO building trades union has a relatively small membership.

The following firms co-operated in the pictorial presentation of the building article: Levitt & Sons, Inc., Manhasset, N. Y.; Gross Morton Co., Jamaica, N. Y.; Starrett Bros. & Eaken, Inc., N. Y. C.

Throughout the world — in Greece, Belgium, China — ill-clad peoples are facing a cold winter. President Truman has said: "Without adequate clothing and other necessities of life to sustain victims of war on the long road to rehabilitation, there can be no peace."

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THE GREAT DAYS

(Continued from page 15)

I mention this only because it serves to illustrate a point about the carriers. They were often unorthodox, often non-reg, and had many individual peculiarities of character, but they'd learned how to fight the Jap in their own way and the proof of their methods lay in the record. The *Essex*, like many of the first line CV's, had run up an astonishing one.

Since commissioning, she had steamed 230,000 miles, been in drydock only once, yet had never had an engineering machinery casualty. In the course of 64 combat operations, her gun crews had shot down 33 enemy planes. She had had 4 successive air groups aboard her which together had destroyed 1531 Jap planes for sure, with half again as many probables. They had sunk 25 and damaged 96 war vessels as well as whole flocks of non-combatant ships that ran up into the hundreds—totaling in all, more than 1½ million tons of enemy shipping disposed of. Her fliers had run up 100,000 hours in the air, her plane handlers sweated out more than 30,000 landings and take-offs, 20,000 of which were combat sorties. Think of the arming job when you realize that her planes had dumped 4,000 tons of bombs and 125 torpedoes, and fired 8000 rockets!

I was familiar with these figures as I stood idly watching the *Essex* bring in the last of her planes from the war's last strike. And I realized of course, that the figures didn't really tell the story. The big thing about these carriers was not their record but their wonderful, overwhelming flaming spirit. That was the thing about them that I wanted to remember. I wanted in the years to come, to recapture in memory all the sights and sounds of these magnificent war ships. I wanted to see them again as I had seen them in their last great days. And as my eyes swept the flight deck, taking in the familiar colorful routine of an era that was passing, I knew that the memory of it would be mine for the rest of my time.

For I will feel again that thrilling expectancy the night before the strike, when the great ship buttoned up tight, secured all hatches and watertight doors, and bored in for the enemy shore in the high speed run. I'll see again the silhouetted gunners at Condition One grouped sleepily about their gun mounts waiting for the radar to warn of enemy raiders. See again the Navy planes bunched astern, bombed, gassed, armed and ready, their broad wings folded up or back like lethargic reptilian birds mutely awaiting the dawn.

The years will pass but I will see again the pilots swarming up the ladders from the ready rooms, their faces white in the darkness, their gear slapping in the wind. Hear again the fragmentary consultations with the plane captains, waiting by each

ship. Words of confidence, hope or apprehension. Hear the bellowing roar of warming engines, see the crouching wind-lashed figures at the chocks, see whirling derbies in yellow jersey and helmet, dodging among those thundering props, throwing themselves instinctively against sudden prop blasts from behind to avoid being swept into death from the spinning blades before them. And see again the big grotesque beetles crawling jerkily for the starting line, the wings unfolding, locking into position, the anxious eyes of crews whose job it was to peer intently at details as the planes moved forward—wheels, flaps, wing locks. The whirling flag of the deck signal man—the high pitched crescendo of revving engines screaming "Curtis!" "Vought," or "Grumman!" The darting rush. The lifting tail. The momentary sickening lurch downward toward the hungry sea, and then the smooth triumphant climbing turn to starboard, wheels folding inward to the breast, and the running lights fading into the gloom.

Stand with me in memory on the island gallery and you'll see something else you won't want to remember, but you will. See that ghostly white splash in front of that CVL far to starboard? Some luckless youngster has had an engine falter on the take off and he's gone in off the bow. If he's had time to turn out of the way just a little, he may possibly get out. If not. . .

I'll see again the man who runs from the after cat walk across the deck to disengage the hook from the cable. The day he is not alert is the day a cable catches his leg and snaps it like a twig.

The great birds come in, 30 seconds apart, and forever and a day my ears will hear the whistle of hydraulics and the shattering crash of the barriers as up they go against the newcomer; then go down to let him burst howling out of the way of the next pilot coming in over the stern. Incredible. Noisy. Unforgettable.

But then I will remember other things—the dark and ugly things—the nauseating accidents; the grabbing anxiety. It will be fun to tell my kids about the Kamikaze that didn't reach us. No fun whatever to hear in retrospect the deadly notes of the bosun's pipe and the taut words over the speaker, "Set Condition ONE in the gunnery department!"

Once again, join me in memory. Put on that flash hood and helmet and step with me out on the bridge wing, but keep your fingers in your ears because the gunners aren't sleepy now. We can't see the Jap yet, but those 5 inch batteries can "see" him with a tubeful of busy electrons, and the noise will try to knock you from under your helmet. Look at that ragged patch of black bursts off to the west! That's where he is! The guns of a dozen ships are on him. Then a bright wink of flame suddenly appears in that wall of smoke and we know that the Jap won't be in to see us. A

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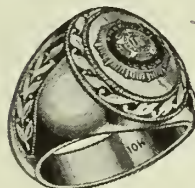
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greasy trail etches his fall. A pile of red smoke marks his splash. No strain! Who was it got him? Why, the *Wasp*. Good old *Wasp*!

I LOOKED UP at Gay Donnelly in Primary Fly and wondered if he was speculating on how long it would take him to get back to his family's printing works in Chicago.

But his pleasant face betrayed nothing and voice was normal as it rang out over the bull horn in the routine command, "White Flag. Last Plane Landed."

THE TOY GUN

(Continued from page 16)

you can hide in your palm. Mathias broke the rod, sniffed it, ejected the clip, and took four cartridges out of it. He found three empty cases on the street a few feet from the body.

In the brighter light of the torches and car headlamps I could see a trail of blood on the cobblestones. Altogether it was pretty messy. Before he died Carte had crawled six feet from where he was shot.

After a few minutes of snooping they all gave up and went back to their cars. Two of them lifted the body and dumped it on a raincoat in the rear seat of the larger sedan.

Mathias got polite again and wondered if I'd mind going back to headquarters with them: there was the matter of a signed statement.

"Yeah," I said, "the old routine. I suppose it's the same in Constantinople."

At headquarters, Mathias waved me to the front office.

"Please excuse me. I will be back shortly."

At 9:30 he returned with a stenographer. I gave the statement and the clerk read it back. I signed it.

Mathias asked: "Is there anything that you would care to add to that?"

"Not yet," I said, "but I wouldn't mind sitting in and seeing the showdown. Maybe I could learn something from your methods."

"If you desire to watch us or discuss the crime with us, I am very pleased."

The clerk left the room and I barged right in.

"What did Carte do? Did he take direct charge of cases?"

"Normally, he took charge of only the most extraordinary affairs. But for two months, he had been busy arresting collaborators."

"And that gun. Did he always carry it? Nothing heavier?"

"That puzzles me, monsieur," said Mathias. "I have never before seen that gun. But enough for this evening. Investigation will begin tomorrow, when M. le Grand returns from Brussels."

"Who's he?" I asked.

"M. le Grand is the Superintendent. He drove to Brussels this evening. I cannot even enter Carte's files without le Grand. If you wish to return tomorrow, say at nine o'clock. . . ."

I GOT OUT of bed early in the morning. I hadn't slept much; I'd been trying to join the fragments on this killing that I had. I thought I could explain the toy gun. Carte must have been held up and searched before he was shot. The toy had been hidden where a quick frisk wouldn't find it. The killer had then shot Carte, seen him fall, and taken a powder. Carte had drawn the gun, thrown three shots at the killer.

Later, as I approached Mathias' office, a black Ford sedan pulled to the curb in front of me. The black was new—the grey-brown paint of the German army showed through two small round spots on the trunk. That's the way the Belgians got

their cars when they were liberated.

A dapper grey character left the car, went into the building, and through a door at the end of the hall. I went down the hall and knuckled the door.

"Enter," said Mathias. "Ah, M. Hart. I have been wondering about you. M. le Grand, this is M. Hart, who discovered the body."

Le Grand said: "Good morning. Please sit down." He traded a few sentences in Flemish with Mathias and walked from the room.

Mathias explained: "He will return immediately. He has just come from the house of M. Carte. He will study Carte's papers now."

"Have you seen Carte's office files yet?" I asked.

"They were examined by M. le Grand early this morning."

"What about Carte's pockets? Anything missing?"

"I do not believe so," Mathias replied. "There were keys, money, a useless notebook, identity papers, and smoking material. And another handkerchief."

"When was Carte last seen alive?"

"He left here at seven forty-five and was not seen after that."

"Was he walking when he left?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Has the body been examined by a medical man?"

"Yes. Carte lived no more than a minute."

"Have you found the slugs that hit Carte?"

"No, monsieur."

"So all you can do is make a list of possibilities and check alibis. Have you questioned the residents in Rue Beaujon?"

"They heard nothing."

I spent the rest of the morning wandering through the town. Toward noon I ran across a Belgian who'd lived six years in Albany. He took me to his home, fed me. He was excited about the murder, and picked a collaborateur.

"It's obvious," he explained. "Arrests are made daily and some of the big names in Belgium have been found guilty. You never know who will be charged. Carte merely learned too much, tipped his hand, and—voilà."

When he said that, something jumped inside my head. A hunch, you might call it. I learned long ago that they pay off. I left him and went again to see Mathias. He was in his office with le Grand.

"I have an idea," I said.

"So?" asked le Grand. "What is it?"

"Carte was killed by a collaborateur," I began. "Someone he knew."

"The killer was driving a car last night, offered Carte a ride. He took him to Rue Beaujon; there he pulled a gun on Carte and got him out of the car. He searched him, shot him twice, watched him fall and lie still. Then drove away."

"Carte wasn't dead, we're sure of that. He pulled his midget pistol. He'd carried it wrapped in a handkerchief in the outside breast pocket of his suitcoat, so it wouldn't be noticed. He fired three shots after the killer's car. Then he died."

"How's that sound?"

"Very logical," Mathias commented.

"That is certainly very close to what happened. But does it do us any good?"

"It does," I said. "Because the killer made mistakes."

"He didn't search Carte carefully enough. He was too interested in killing him. He didn't make sure that Carte was dead. And he didn't know that Carte had fired at him with a toy gun. Because Carte didn't miss, completely. He hit the trunk of the car with two of those three shots."

I paused. Le Grand's right hand started for his pocket. He saw my Luger, changed his mind. His hands went up. Mathias looked startled as a man can.

I went on: "Those two shots didn't have the power to go through the thin metal of the trunk. They cut the paint, dented the steel, and splattered off. I'd seen those two spots on your car trunk this morning, le Grand, but hadn't realized . . ."

Mathias opened a desk drawer, took out a revolver. I put the Luger away. The door burst open and two gendarmes were in the room.

Le Grand dropped his hands suddenly toward his pocket. Mathias was quicker; he fired once.

A FEW MINUTES later I said good-bye to Mathias. And I spent the rest of my pass in the manner authorized by GI tradition.



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JOINING THE LEGION

(Continued from page 26)

the meaning of the Legion to America.

Up until the fighting was over I had given little if any thought to joining any veterans' organization. As a matter of fact I was slow to awaken to the fact that once I got out of uniform I would hold a different status in civilian life—that of a veteran. It was through Legion literature I first became conscious that as a veteran I would have certain new rights and be entitled to certain benefits. It wasn't till I got home that I realized how important those newly-acquired rights and benefits would be to my postwar personal progress.

In a vague manner I had the idea in the back of my mind that perhaps there would be a new organization of fighting men and women of World War II. I had little if any conception of the magnitude of such an undertaking, and of the pitfalls that would beset such an effort, and of its cost in hard work, money and time.

Mostly my thoughts were on finishing my education, getting a job. I had heard talk about lush wages in war jobs, but I wasn't back in time to get any of it.

My first pleasant surprise when I became a civilian again was the discovery that even if I didn't find a job right away, I had a guaranteed income for the first year of \$1,324. I found that every World War II veteran had assurance of an income of at least \$1,124. If he had overseas service as I had, he had a maximum of \$1,324 he could count on if things went wrong.

Two federal laws took care of that. One was the G. I. Bill of Rights which provided 52 weeks of unemployment compensation at \$20 a week. The other was Public Law 225 which gave us mustering-out pay ranging from \$100 to \$300.

It was my dad who explained these laws didn't just happen. They were the products of American Legion legislative activities. Dad told me how the Legion exposed the national neglect of World War II disabled veterans back in 1943. That exposé stirred the nation. It brought a storm of protests down on Congress. The Legion's mustering-out pay bill was waiting. Congress lost no time in passing it.

Dad told me too how the Legion called its rehabilitation and legislative experts together to draft the first veterans omnibus bill in history, how they named it the G. I. Bill, how they fought with their old Argonne "git" to put it through Congress. He told me the Legion met its stiffest opposition on the unemployment compensation provisions, but won its fight.

"We Legionnaires of World War I had been through the mill," Dad said. "We remembered how quickly we became the forgotten men after the last war. We were determined that you kids would get a better break. We weren't going to stand for apple selling by war veterans again."

That G. I. Bill had other provisions. I found I could go to college to finish my education at government expense. My tuition fees would be paid. I would get \$50 a month subsistence. And the Legion was busy in Washington to revise the bill, to increase that government aid to \$60 a month.

There were the loan provisions of the bill too. I wasn't interested in them just yet. But I kept them in the back of my head. When I was through with my schooling and ready to marry, I would want a home of my own. Through the G. I. Bill I saw my way clear to future home ownership. I began to feel downright grateful to the old Legion.

The first week I was home my dad told me he would like to take me to his Legion Post meeting to present me to all his old pals. I could sense how proud he was of me. So I agreed. Dad was very fair. He said he would love to have me with him in his Legion Post, but that he wanted me to make my own choice.

"You're a veteran now," he said. "Your war experience has matured you. Nobody is going to pull the wool over your eyes. I want you to look the Legion over. Appraise it yourself. Make up your own mind."

He told me the American Legion had thrown open its ranks to veterans of World War II. I had a new respect for the Legion now. I had many new slants on it. But I went to the Legion meeting to be shown. I was also a realist.

I'll never forget that first visit to Dad's Legion Post. To my surprise I found a number of my World War II buddies already there. I discovered the men of the Legion talked my language. I found they had understanding for my problems. I found they respected me, looked upon me as an equal.

I discovered other things. While I was away the Legion boys had remodeled their clubhouse. It was a real homey place, just the place to spend leisure hours. They had everything—all the facilities of a real club.

The Legion boys hadn't acquired that cozy home just overnight. I began to remember how Dad had served on the post building committee, how they had engaged in all sorts of fund-raising stunts for years to be able to have a clubhouse.

Then I reflected further. Why, the Legion had 12,509 posts—one in almost every community. Nearly all of them had clubhouses like this. Dad had said the Legion probably was worth more than 100 million dollars in real estate, building funds, investments and endowments. It was a wealthy organization. And I had a chance to cut right in on that wealth!

I looked around at the faces all about me. The best men of the community were there—the leaders of the town. Yet they were Tom, Dick and Harry to each other and to all of us. They called me Jack. This was real comradeship. There was no distinction of rank or age, religion or political



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creed. We were all veterans. We were pals. I reflected there must be something about the Legion to be able to draw such a membership and to command such lifelong devotion. Then I remembered that President Truman is an active Legionnaire. So is our Governor. And 27 other Governors. So are five members of the U. S. Supreme Court. So are members of the Cabinet. And 28 U. S. Senators and 153 Congressmen. So are the leaders in all walks of life. For the first time I began to feel the prestige of the Legion. It tingled my spine. I could be a part of that hall of fame.

I saw the committees at work. Some of my buddies already were serving on them. I heard the service officer's report. It dealt almost entirely with the problems of my buddies of World War II. I listened as the Legionnaires rallied their best minds and their resources to solve the problems. I thought: This is being repeated in Posts in communities all over the country; this service to World War II veterans is free. Money couldn't buy such service.

I heard the Post Commander's invitation to all new veterans: "Look us over, and if you like us, become one of us. We need you. We need your strength and energy to carry on." He explained that the Legion realized that if we took them up on that bid, it meant passing the control of this powerful Legion organization to us.

"Every Legion member has an equal voice," he said. "If you outnumber us, you can outvote us. It's as simple as that. This is a democratic outfit. The majority rules, but the minority gets a respectful hearing."

The Post Commander said something else that left a deep impression. He said the Legion's guiding ideal was "in things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty and tolerance; and in all things, charity!" Here was idealism, American idealism, democracy at its best. That went to the heart.

I got to thinking. It took the Legion 26 years to get where it is today. It was the product of men who proved their spirit of "git" on the fields of battle, and who carried that spirit into service in time of peace. I needed no assurance to know that whatever these men devoted themselves to had to be a success—had to be good.

I walked over to my dad. I told him I wanted a Legion button. He pinned it on me himself.

As I looked down on my coat lapel, my eyes focused on the letters "GI" in the name "Legion." I saw the hand of fate in those letters. The men of World War I had put those letters in that name long before GI Joe was ever heard of. But it remained for me and for millions of my buddies to put the "GI" into the Legion for that for which all of us had fought and our comrades had died—FOR GOD AND COUNTRY!

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OLD HEP

(Continued from page 24)

recalling that, despite shrapnel wounds about the thighs and hips, I ran back to the beach at Guadalcanal, swam to the flagship, and wired the first 'What Am I Fighting For' interview of the Pacific."

"I," said Herman, "was shaken up pretty bad, but they tell me my first crack on getting my chute off was, 'Force brandy down my throat.' Ha—"

"Well," said Old Hep, absently autographing one of his columns, "I just try to do my job, that's all, and you've probably read all this stuff anyhow in my book, *I Saw It First*, three dollars the copy."

"Force brandy down my throat. I cracks," said Herman, "force brandy down my—"

"Then," said Old Hep, "there was the time I—"

Feeling a little helpless, I took off for chow.

FOR the next few days I saw little of Old Hep and the representative paratrooper. I had Herman excused from teaching his classes in Jump School (he had morning session in Standing Up and Hooking Up) and I arranged for him to work exclusively with Old Hep on the representative paratrooper story.

When finally they showed up, it was clear that all was not well between them.

"Frutig," snapped Old Hep as they came into the tent, "for the last time, I am not going to write about your stupid jump at Fort Benning."

"Begging your pardon, Hellickson," said Herman, "but I think the folks back home have a right to know."

"Hepperson! Hepperson is the name. And begging *your* pardon, I feel that your jump—in fact, all jumping—is vastly overrated and that old ladies, if pushed gently but firmly the first time, would be clamoring for more the minute they hit the ground."

"Personally, *whatsyourname*, I think you are wrong," said Herman. "I'd like to see *you* jump. I'd like to be there to see you freeze in the door."

"Personally, Frutig, I don't care what you think and the idea of jumping myself and writing a first-person 'How It Feels' story appeals to me more with every minute of our association."

The bump alignment of Herman's face changed subtly, registering a sort of cubistic dismay. "Wait a second, sir. I was just worried about you. Think of your millions of readers. What would they say about your jumping?"

"What would they say?" said Old Hep thoughtfully. "Just what would they say?" Herman looked at him with worried tension. Old Hep slapped his thigh. "Frutig," he exclaimed, "Frutig, old fruit, I'm going to do it!"



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"But what about the representative paratrooper story?" wailed Herman.

"Some other time perhaps. Now you run along."

For the next two weeks Old Hep's readers back home writhed, stooped, ran, tumbled, rolled, and groaned with the valiant little correspondent as he sweated through pre-jump conditioning under the merciless eye of Instructor Herman Frutig.

Finally, when Old Hep's body was little more than a bag of trauma, came the day of the first jump. I accompanied Old Hep to the parachute shed where he drew his T-5 assembly. With the correspondent waddling bent and gnomelike in his harness, we made our way to the roaring C-47. We climbed in.

Hep was to be the last in a stick of six jumpers. They all settled themselves stiffly in the bucket seats along the left side of the airplane. The engines raced and we were off.

Herman, wearing a Fort Benning T-shirt and a sadistic smile, stood in the open door. The airplane slowed down and leveled off in position for jumping. The red light flashed. Herman, exultantly, shouted, "Stand up and hook up!"

The six men rose quickly and snapped the hooks of their cables on the static line. They checked each other's equipment.

"Close up and stand in the door!" Herman yelled.

The six shuffled together, the first man holding the sides of the door.

Then "Readyp ho!" and the first man went out. "Readyp ho!" Second man. "Readyp ho!" Third man. Then fourth, then fifth.

Old Hep edged warily into the doorway. Green showed through his atabrine tan. "Readyp ho!" But Hep stood still. "Ho!" screamed Herman, smacking the correspondent's lean rear. Still Hep stood. "The field is giving out," yelled Herman.

The co-pilot peered back curiously from the cabin, and Herman signalled for another pass over the field. The plane flew into position again. Hep still stood frozen.

Then Herman, swift as a panther, stripped Old Hep's clutching hands from the door frame. One of Herman's boots swept against the back of Hepperson's feet and at the same time Herman pushed solidly against the small of his back.

"I knew you could do it, Ulrickson!" Herman shouted. But Ulrickson, or Hepperson, was on the way down.

Old Hep wore his new paratrooper's wings when he came in to say goodbye that afternoon. Sticking out of the pocket of his jump jacket, also new, was a sheaf of manuscript. On the first page was the title: *How it feels to jump from a speeding C-47 into the wild New Guinea blue.*

"I see you've written your story," I said.

Herman, who was in the corner of the tent doing pushups, looked up.

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"Yes," said Old Hep modestly.

"I wrote a story too," said Herman. "My brother-in-law is editor of the Los Angeles Free Press and I wrote a story to send to him." Herman pulled out several sheets of paper.

"What's your story about?" asked Hep indulgently.

"I call it: 'How I forced Old Hep to jump from a speeding C-47 into the wild New Guinea blue.'"

Old Hep turned pale. Herman fell to the floor and resumed his pushups.

"Frutig, you wouldn't," cried Old Hep.

Herman continued his pushups silently.

"Frutig—Herman, listen . . ."

Herman did his pushups.

"Herman . . ."

Not a word from Herman.

"All right," said Old Hep, his face hanging like a Lister bag. "You win, Frutig. I'll write the representative paratrooper story."

ONE MONTH later Herman lay in the tent doing pushups with one hand. In the other was a copy of his home town newspaper with a full page story on PFC Herman Frutig, the representative paratrooper. Herman was reading it aloud for the fourth consecutive time.

"Herman," I said, "you don't have to read the punctuation marks."

Herman, unheeding, continued.

"Herman," I said, "I didn't know you had a brother on the Los Angeles Free Press."

Replied Herman, "Who said I did comma sir question mark unquote."

EUROPE'S THEIR DISH

(Continued from page 21)

won. There were repeats on all the other phases of the sports and entertainment program.

At Furst near Nuremberg, Lieut. C. Angeles of San Diego, Calif., trotted out the football squad of the 26th Infantry and put them through a scrimmage for me. It was late summer, it was a baseball sun that was shining, and steam was rising from the wool jerseys. German PW's, carrying slops from our kitchens, watched and as they watched ceased to wonder why the Americans were tougher than they.

To talk about SS is like starting to talk about astronomy, it's so big. The night I left Germany I was jeeping through Mannheim. Just outside the town I heard the rising and falling notes of a calliope. Jeeping toward the music, I saw the lighted sign of the famous Holzmuller Circus and hundreds of GIs, some with dates, pouring in. SS had even rounded up trained horses and elephants under a big top to keep our guys from blowing their own tops.

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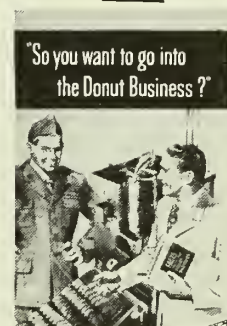
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Dear Editor:

I'm shipping over. This may class me as a psycho, but as far as I'm concerned I'll manage to get along without the little gold button for the next four years. In fact, I think I'll get along at least as well as many of the boys who can't wait for their discharge papers.

As I see it, the next four years will be anything but a picnic for a large majority of the fellows getting out. Sure, they'll get jobs now, but how much are those jobs going to be worth a year or two from now? And to get those jobs a lot of fellows are going to tie themselves up to today's standards of living which may or may not be maintained. There'll be weddings galore, dealings with real estate people, furniture dealers and all the rest—at today's prices. Along about the time my next cruise is finished, I think a lot of the boys may feel that I, and others like me, weren't so crazy after all.

BM 2/c

Dear Editor:

There has been much said in the past about the potential political power of our Armed Forces in formulating the post war policies of our government. Now is the time to show that the armed forces, discharged and about to be discharged, are a political force.

Today, millions of us are sitting idle waiting for our discharges, which will be delayed from six to eighteen months. The promise of the military to release us in six to eighteen months is no bargain!

We can help ourselves by writing and urging our relatives and friends to write to their Congressmen and Senators telling them to act immediately on a rapid discharge system.

W. E. B.

Dear Editor:

Why not medals, crosses, citations or

service badges to civilians in time of peace for outstanding service to our country?

Perhaps we shall never find a full "moral equivalent for war" in times of peace, because war springs from hate and fear while peace must ever rise from good-will and love for humanity. Yet even as we learn from our enemies in war so may we learn from war itself, lessons that can be applied in winning the peace. One war-time lesson is that individual recognition for services rendered to the common good, makes for greater and more enduring effort. In times of peace we need an equivalent for the various awards granted to heroes in times of war. We need an equivalent not only of the Distinguished Service Medal but of the Purple Heart.

On the more exalted plane, why not an equivalent of the Congressional Medal of Honor to a Sister Kenny, a George Washington Carver or an Edison? Their contributions to the good of humanity like those of the men who gave us the magic of penicillin or that of the sulfa drugs are on a plane with those of men who demolished a dam or a battleship. On a more humble plane, why not official national recognition to those who developed hybrid corn or rust resistant flax?

WILLIAM BUBLITZ

Dear Editor:

A new ruling has just been made by the Navy which seems most unfair to service men and their wives. I don't know whether The American Legion can influence a change in this rule. The story is this:—The naval hospitals are taking care of the wives who are expecting babies. Many of these are young girls away from home and living in rooming houses in strange cities. These wives and their husbands were told that the babies would be delivered by Navy doctors and

they have already made all arrangements for hospitalization under this plan at a Navy Hospital. Some weeks ago a new rule came from Washington saying if a man gets his discharge, even if the baby is due, his wife will receive no care, nor can she have the bed engaged under the Navy plan. She is tossed out, on her own to find a doctor and try to get into a hospital. This treatment for the mothers of the next generation is a poor way of a country showing appreciation for the sacrifices of the young fathers. I. M. C.

Dear Editor:

In our August Legion Magazine there was an article by H. V. Kaltenborn, *What About Poland?* I want to call your attention to Mr. Kaltenborn's misapplication of real facts concerning Poland and the Polish people. His assertion that there are aristocratic and militaristic land-owning elements who can be called fascists is baseless, because no one among them ever could be accused of collaborating with Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy. Poland was the only country in Europe that didn't have any collaborators or traitors during this war, and the Polish aristocrats did not control the government after the First World War, or exploit the Polish masses. His accusation that arrogant Polish nationalists launched an unnecessary war of aggression against the weak Soviet Union in 1920 is also false. The real fact is that the Bolsheviks started the aggression against the Polish people in 1919.

Poland never was a dictator's country like Italy, Russia or Germany, but a democratic republic with two houses of parliament elected by all the people, and with a President who had less power than the President of the United States. Poland wasn't anti-Soviet, but the Soviet was always anti-Polish, for no reason at all. Poland didn't prefer Germany over Russia; she just wanted to get along peacefully with both of her big neighbors. But the world knows what the two of them did to her in 1939. Kaltenborn's accusation that Poland dealt unfairly with minorities and oppressed the Jews is nothing but a plain white lie, and Mr. Kaltenborn can't show proof of it.

ENOCH BORCZYK

The burden of Mr. Kaltenborn's article was that the Soviet Union was making decisions concerning Poland without consulting her allies, that in this vital matter it was "Russia against a free world." But Comrade Borczyk can't evade history, and what Mr. Kaltenborn said about Poland's past is authentic history. —Ed.

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